NURSE HUNTING IN MICHIGAN **ANN JONES**

THE NATION

DECEMBER 3, 1977 60 cents

POLITICAL SUICIDE IN NEW JERSEY

THE GOP LOSES AN EASY ONE

John McLaughlin

Margulies

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Public TV Kills a News Winner

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A Press Lord Comes to Buffalo

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How One of Its Own Got Banned

Recollections of Move… h

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EDITORIALS

Triumph of the Negative

It is easier to see the Sadat visit to Jerusalem in terms of negatives than of positives. First, the Egyptian President left Israel unharmed; since Israel and Egypt are still technically at war and passions boil after four wars in three decades, there were grounds for apprehension. Second, Sadat joined Israeli Prime Minister Begin in pledging, over and over again, "no more war."

It is also worth recalling what Sadat said he was *not* in Israel to do. He told the Knesset: "I have not come to sign a separate peace between Egypt and Israel . . . I have not come to discuss partial peace, which means the end of belligerency and to postpone real peace for the future . . . I have not come to discuss a third disengagement agreement in the Sinai or on the West Bank or in Golan." He had come, he said, that we may build together a lasting and just peace. . . ."

After this extraordinary meeting, which can truly be called historic, it is impossible to say what was positively accomplished. The fact that it occurred at all must be seen as positive, of course, but we know nothing of substance that was decided or even approached. There are reasons to believe that what happened and what did not happen increase the chance for a reconvening at Geneva. That in itself will produce no miracles, but it could generate momentum for breaking out of the impasse of the Middle East. Another negative that might be mentioned is that the United States Government did nothing to make this meeting more difficult. Washington made encouraging sounds, but the heavy hand we have seen too often in the past was stayed.

In most circumstances, one is right to suspect the value of gestures and symbols. Perhaps the Middle East is the exception. The Arab nations, after all, have denied the right of Israel to exist. In the recurring wars they have waged against it, they have proclaimed their intention of driving its people into the sea. So there is real meaning in the symbolism of the presence of the Egyptian President in Israel, even at the rostrum of its Parliament. Beyond Sadat's words to that effect, his being there is a genuine recognition of the right of Israel to exist. "This corner is yours," said Sadat. "I proclaim to the whole world that we accept to live with you in a just and lasting peace." A few years ago those words could not have been spoken by an Arab leader.

There are at least two more positive-negatives in what was said in Jerusalem. Sadat never mentioned the Palestine Liberation Organization, even though he said that an overall settlement would have to take care of the needs of the Palestinians and of the Arab states that surround Israel. And Begin omitted from his speech the usual specific Israeli refusal to treat with the PLO or to withdraw from the West Bank settlements. The omissions in both cases are significant.

It would be foolish to read too much into this event, extraordinary though it was. It may be less a first step than the taking up of positions at the starting line. But it has been so long a time since there was any hint of movement from the fixed positions of both sides that even this is a comfort. It was a meeting, not a confrontation. That is the news and it is good.

The editors regret the late delivery of this week's issue. It was caused by the four-day Thanksgiving weekend observed by our printers.

Birmingham Clears Its Name

Fourteen years of shame came to a symbolic end in Birmingham, Ala. on November 18. That day, a jury convicted Robert ("Dynamite Bob") Chambliss on one count of first-degree murder in the September 15, 1963 bombing of a church that killed four black girls and made the city's name synonymous with deadly racism. Unless Chambliss's appeal succeeds, he will not be tried for the deaths of the three other girls; Alabama Atty. Gen. Bill Baxley considers that one life sentence for Chambliss is enough to satisfy justice. But no other case in recent memory, with the possible exception of Joann Little's murder trial, illustrates so clearly that justice itself is a murky quantity comprised as much of politics, social pressures, and even the quirks of personality, as of law and high ideals.

The central question in the case remains, as Bill Cornwell wrote in *The Nation* of November 5 ("The Birmingham Bombing of 1963"): "Why has it taken fourteen years for something to be done?" And the simple answer seems to be that until now, the climate of Alabama was inhospitable to interracial justice. The case was originally botched, perhaps on purpose, by Gov. George Wallace and his minions, who refused to cooperate with the FBI are prematurely arrested three suspects in 1964. As a result the FBI investigation was wrecked. Years went by and the statute of limitations on the federal crimes involved ran out (murder is not a federal crime). It appeared the killers would go free.

But in 1970 Baxley was elected Attorney General of Alabama. He was intensely ambitious and equally obsessed with the unsolved bombing. For reasons yet to be explained, the FBI refused for four years to give Baxley their files on the case. Finally, armed with the federal papers and new evidence he had uncovered, Baxley indicted Chambliss last September. Still, the suspicion lingered that the indictment was a political gesture aimed at winning black votes, and that Baxley did not have enough evidence to convict. But the trial, opening after fourteen years of delay, took only four days—and many believe that Baxley's summation, which left the jury and spectators in tears, won the conviction. A Baxley aide remarked that the oratory ". . . ought to have been good; he has been getting ready for that speech for seven years."

Baxley's critics remain cynical. "It's all political," said one Klansman after Baxley indicted Chambliss. "He wants to be Governor." That may be true, but precisely in that fact lies the meaning of the case. Bill Baxley and his obsessive crusade would have been inconceivable had not Jim Crow been shattered in the South. In 1964 Wallace found it expedient to connive against an effective prose-

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cution of the bombers. At the time, every institution in Birmingham was segregated—schools, churches, bars, water fountains. Today the races mingle, and blacks vote in significant numbers. Even the jury that convicted Chambliss included three blacks. And Baxley—an extreme liberal by Southern standards—is building his political career by cracking down on the rabid racist fringe.

He now pledges that there will be other prosecutions in the bombing case, since Dynamite Bob evidently did not act alone. Chambliss's conviction gives the first solid hope that full justice may finally be done. And while much more progress remains to be made in Alabama and elsewhere, the social transformation that produced Bill Baxley also gives hope that some day racism will disappear in fact, as already it has been banned by law.

Russian Poker

Marx and Lenin might never have guessed that Communists would turn out to be better at capitalist games than the imperialists themselves. For the second time in five years the Russian grain traders have smartly hornswoggled the United States out of millions of dollars with their shrewd manipulation of the anathematic "free market."

The good news is that apparently only the grain futures speculator got caught in the Kremlin's wringer. American farmers did all right this year, as they did not do in 1972 when détente, combined with the Nixon administration's Butzian ineptitude, allowed the Russians to make a killing in the wheat market at the expense of growers and taxpayers.

We have a grain trade agreement with Moscow. The Kr mlin is supposed to level with us about what it will need beyond 6 million tons. (This so that U.S. prices will reflect to some degree USSR demand.) But the sons of the steppes have learned to cut corners when it comes to dealing with the hayseed Americans. They now buy through European "fronts," if you'll pardon the term, and they conceal the size of their crop estimates until the last moment. This year our satellite spies in the sky apparently misread the colors on the ground and overestimated the Soviet crop by 21 million tons. When Brezhnev revealed the other day that the 1977 figure was 194 and not our estimated 215 million tons, the red squirrels had already done most of their winter's work.

It is not at all a bad thing that the rest of the world is providing the workers' paradise with about one-tenth of its basic food. Mutual dependency makes for peace, as everyone knows. But there's a certain embarrassment in finding how dopey the famous Yankee trader has become. For instance, the terms of our post-1972 grain deal with the Soviets provide for Department of Agriculture inspectors to go out in the Russian countryside and see the grain growing. This year they apparently fell for the old Potemkin game and were plainly fooled by the heavy ears on a demonstration farm or two. The CIA blames this false "ground truth" for distorting the data from its spies in the skies. Our intelligence people didn't wise up even when world ocean freight rates rose by 15 percent this summer, reflecting huge Soviet charters

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Editor
BLAIR CLARK

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of grain ships. In every way they outsmarted our "experts."

Secretary of Agriculture Bergland says he will "ask" the Russians next time "to be more precise . . . about their grain requirements." *Ask* them? Why not *demand* that they abide by the rules of the marketplace of the running dogs of capitalism?

Ambassador for Sale

The announcement card told it all. President Richard Helms was telling the world that the Safeer Company "has been established to provide consulting services in international trade and business," with offices at 1627 K St., N.W., in Washington. *The Washington Post* published a facsimile of the announcement on November 17 —thirteen days after Helms, former director of the CIA and former Ambassador to Iran, had pleaded no contest to a charge that he had failed to testify fully and accurately before a Senate committee that was to pass on his nomination as Ambassador.

The word "Safeer," in the Persian tongue called Parsi, means "Ambassador." Helms is that shameless. He comes right out and announces that his experience as the President's representative to Teheran is for sale. It seems likely that his knowledge of the underworld of American "intelligence" will also be available to the highest bidder.

After he plea-bargained the Department of Justice out of the perjury rap, Americans might have thought they knew all about the character of Richard Helms. There was even a certain sympathy for a man who felt he had to choose whether to tell the truth to Congress or keep the secrets of the CIA's scandalous behavior in Chile.

But it is clear now that there were other things to know about Richard Helms. For instance, that he is brazen enough to set up as a merchant of the knowledge and influence he accumulated in the service of his government. And there would seem to be a question even about the legality of the new Helms enterprise. A provision of the U.S. Criminal Code forbids recent employees of the government, at least for one year, from "proceedings involving foreign individuals or corporations which might have fallen under their official responsibility," as the *Post* story puts it.

But Helms thinks he has found a way around that minimal restriction on the merchandising of official position. Perhaps a claim can be made that, as Ambassador, he never truly had the kind of "responsibility" for Iranian individuals and corporations which the law envisaged. If this claim has a leg to stand on, Helms will be upright, so to speak. If not, all he has to do is wait until February 1, 1978, 366 days after he resigned as Ambassador, before he starts to rake in Iranian clients and their money.

Life is full of fine lines and neat distinctions and it is obvious that Helms and his advisers are close students of these ethical shadings. That expertise cannot conceal the fact that his official experience in Iran is the commodity he has to sell. His partner is one Rahim M. Irvani, an executive of the Melli Industrial Group in Teheran. He declares that his Safeer Company will specialize in drumming up business for Iranian outfits that would trade with the United States. The boldness of it is striking. If he had founded a consulting firm with a bland title like "International Business Consultants, Inc.," it might have been a while before the world caught on to the fact that his clients were mainly from Iran. But Helms makes his real interests plain from the start, as eye-catching as a neon sign.

So Richard Helms is for sale, along with everything the country has invested in his career. He has no plan to register as a lobbyist. "I'm quite different from a lobbyist," he told the *Post*. "I'm not trying to influence our government or our country. All I'm trying to do is help our balance of payments." Perhaps we should all thank him for that selfless motivation even as he totes those Iranian petrodollars down to his bank.

A Peculiar Freedom

"*A free press is guaranteed only to those who own one.*"
—A.J. Liebling

As newspaper chains grow, more journalists are finding that their boss is a large and often distant corporation. (See article by Robert T. Grieves and David Strack this issue.) This trend vastly increases management's ability to withstand strikes, and may well tempt employers to engage in union-busting. *The Washington Post* destroyed its pressroom workers' union in a strike begun several years ago: the *Post* never settled and the union workers were replaced permanently by scabs.

Yet the corporate managerial advantage is not insurmountable. It is now being challenged in Madison, Wis., where since October 1, five unions have been striking *The Capital Times* and *The Wisconsin State Journal* over unfair labor practices. The strikers are putting out an alternative weekly, *The Madison Press Connection*, whose circulation of 70,000 exceeds that of the *Capital Times*, while the *Journal*'s circulation reportedly has dropped more than 10 percent.

When the strike began, one of the unions had been without a contract for seventeen months, and two for ten months. The negotiating impasse was, and continues to be, caused by management's drive for total control of labor: "Every union is facing management demands for extensive 'no-strike no-lockout' [contract] language that would not only prohibit every form of strike but all other forms of 'concerted activity' allowed under federal labor law," says *Press Connection* editor Ron McCrea.

Since the two dailies are editorially separate but share printing and distribution through Madison Newspapers Inc., of which each owns 50 percent, the unions must deal with one of three employers. The Capital Times Co. owns only the paper and a local radio station, but the *Journal* is owned by Lee Enterprises Inc., which owns seventeen newspapers, four TV stations and three radio stations, with an interest in several more broadcast outlets, and in a firm that makes printing plates for newspaper presses. Lee Enterprises, based in Davenport, Iowa, had 1976 revenues exceeding $58 million. Lee has brought workers from some of its other papers, where unions are quite rare, to scab at the *Journal*.

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Countering this corporate power, the strikers are finding an ally in the liberal Madison community. They are mounting a door-to-door subscription cancellation drive with help from students at the University of Wisconsin. Big advertisers, following the lead of smaller, campus-oriented businesses, are starting to switch to the *Press Connection*, whose circulation grows with each issue.

The strikers are enthusiastic, although they get but $65 a week to staff the picket lines around the clock and put out the paper. Their ultimate success depends on nationwide support, just as Lee's profits come from its operations around the country. The address of *The Madison Press Connection* is P.O. Box 9523, Madison, Wis. 53717.

BILL SOLOMON

Tortuous Exculpation

William F. Buckley Jr., who can always find pleasant things to say about dictators (of the Right), filed a column from Manila the other day about President Marcos and how he "learned to hate"—from the Japanese occupiers in World War II who tortured him and killed his father. The question Buckley delicately raises is whether, given his own experience with torture, it can be true that Marcos is now "the head of a torture establishment."

Marcos, whose regime has locked up some 60,000 political prisoners in his twelve years of dictatorial power—and tortured hundreds of them, according to dozens of believable accounts—denied this charge "with passion and contempt," Buckley writes. But he can find "no grounds for denying that there has been widespread torture since Marcos declared martial law in 1972."

All very civilized and balanced, but then Buckley makes a mistake common to those who love authority in most of its forms. He gives it as his "personal" judgment (what else could it be—corporate?) that "a man of Marcos's background—and the man I talked to (*sic*) extensively—would reject the pleasures of sadism."

Sadism is one of the most overworked words in the language. Torture in dictatorships is so routine, so much a mere daily task, that the perverse sexual gratification to which the Marquis gave his name is almost completely missing from this cold and ghastly work. Buckley goes on to speculate that "the barbarity" which people, not including himself, have recently attributed to the Greek Colonels, then to General Pinochet and to General Videla, may result just from "the way human beings act towards one another from time to time (*sic*) in straitened circumstances (*sic*)." He then allows himself to ask whether there is "sanction from the top." After posing this question he bestows on Marcos his "personal" absolution.

This passage tells almost all one needs to know about the political sense and moral seriousness of the editor of the *National Review*.

SOUTH AFRICAN MUZZLE

HOW ONE OF ITS OWN GOT BANNED

ANDREW SILK

Beyers Naudé, an Afrikaner, was banned last October by the South African authorities from speaking publicly, being quoted in the press, meeting with more than one person at a time, or traveling beyond the magisterial district of Johannesburg. His organization, the Christian Institute, was shut down, as were eighteen other groups that professed openly to work for the liberation of the black people of South Africa.

Naudé is from a religious family that has been in the country for many generations. As a young man, he became a *dominie*, or minister, of the Dutch Reformed Church, at that time a valuable credential for Afrikaner leaders. He was considered amongst the most brilliant men in the church, and was often proposed as its future head—a post that for many years was second in influence only to that of the Prime Minister. "I was very close to my congregation," Naudé said in an interview before he was banned. "It is that period in my life which I look back on with the greatest satisfaction."

In the 1950s, he became a member of the Broederbond, a secret society of Afrikaner intellectuals, politicians and businessmen and at the time the most powerful force within South Africa—the brains of the ruling National Party. In 1958 he was made Moderator, that is, head, of the church in the Transvaal—South Africa's most populous and richest province.

That was the year when black protest first became a serious force in South Africa. The two liberation movements—the African National Congress and the Pan-Africanist Congress (both now in exile)—were organizing openly. A massive treason trial was being conducted against more than fifty black leaders. At the same time, the complex structure of apartheid was being erected. Thousands of Africans were being removed from the cities, internal passports or "reference books" were assigned to women, and the educational system that missionaries had run for blacks was being dismantled.

Naudé's crisis came when white missionaries working among "coloureds" (persons of mixed blood), Indians and Africans around Johannesburg brought back reports of bitterness toward the white man and toward any church he represented. "I did not believe them until I went out to the locations myself and began to listen."

Over the next several years, Naudé undertook an inquiry which led him both into the Bible and constantly back into the locations. It was a long time, he said, before

Andrew Silk was a reporter on The Pretoria News *and the* Rand Daily Mail *in 1974. He recently returned from ten months in South Africa as a fellow of the Thomas Watson Foundation.*

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Graham, Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock)

he began fully to understand the extent to which the faith he espoused was a justification for white privilege and how commitment to that faith had made it so hard for him to see the costs of that privilege.

He found what he felt was the central contradiction in his society: as their country became wealthier and more powerful, the Afrikaners became convinced that their ideal of separate and unequal societies was valid—a vision they looked for and found in the Bible. But this wealth had been generated by an industrialization in which all races participated, and blacks would demand their share of the reward.

Thus, the only way to maintain both the wealth and the vision would be to enshrine force at the center of the system. And as the wealth became greater, so would the control, until ultimately it led the country into totalitarianism. Tragically, the vision was so deeply embedded in the white society that few could understand the nature of the force.

As Naudé came to realize the immensity of the danger, he first tried to use his post as Moderator to distance the church from government policy. He established the Christian Institute as a nonracial body dedicated specifically to social responsibility in the country. But despite his stature, neither the church establishment nor his congregation followed him; the Christian Institute was supported by other denominations, most of which had already attacked apartheid. In 1963 he faced a clear choice of commitment. At an ecumenical meeting of the Catholic, Dutch Reformed and other Protestant churches, a resolution was offered condemning racial discrimination and separation. It was supported by the Christian Institute, but rejected by his church.

Naudé was told that he could not retain his posts in both church and institute. "I wanted to remain within the church—that had been my life. But I looked closely at the religious, political, cultural and educational institutions which bound the Afrikaners together. I tried to discover any crack within these institutions.

"I did not find any. Their control was too centralized, too dominated by the same men and the same contradiction. I saw there was no way in which I could work within that establishment without being blinded, no matter what I said or did."

He resigned as Moderator, and soon after was relieved of his congregation, although he has continued to be a member of the church. His sadness, he said, came not only in knowing that he would be cut off from his people but in foreseeing that many Afrikaners would be unable to understand what it was he had done.

Naudé says that he has never regretted the decision; on the contrary, he has found over the years that it has liberated him. Unlike his colleagues who stayed on, he is not wracked by the self-doubt and compromise that have dominated their lives. Beyond that, he has won black and white friends he would otherwise never have known. But most important, the decision has enabled him to keep his eye focused on what he knew would be the central challenge and crisis facing all of South Africa—the ever tightening control of all aspects of South African life that the pursuit of apartheid would demand.

Naudé was not the first prominent Afrikaner to break with the "tribe," nor was his break the most dramatic. Abram Fischer, who died two years ago while serving a life sentence for membership in the South African Communist Party, was the son of a judge, and was himself expected to ascend to the country's highest court. A poet, Breyten Breytenbach, is currently serving a ten-year prison sentence after having entered the country illegally in fake glasses and a red wig in order to smuggle in arms. What distinguished Naudé from these men was that his transformation did not provoke in him an extreme, guilt-ridden rebellion from the society that raised him.

He knew the time would come when there would be no free press, no free judicial system, no open political discussion; when whites would arm themselves and the black townships would become cities of occupation. Each person would then be forced to respond to that control: whether to accept, to be swept along, to be paralyzed, to flee—or to fight. This was among the hardest decisions a person could face, in part because the nature of such a system could be understood fully only by those who enforce it and those who directly suffer from it.

That being so, Naudé realized that his task was not to be a leader against the Afrikaner establishment, as once he had been a leader inside it. The blacks would have to assume that role. What he and the Christian Institute tried to do was document the hardening of the system, and try to help different groups understand what choices would have to be made when choice could no longer be postponed.

A year ago, shortly after the riots in South Africa, the Christian Institute released a document, "Is South Africa a Police State?," which was a compilation of all the political trials, detentions and bannings over the previous several years. Six months later, a second report asked, "Torture in South Africa?" These questions were on

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everyone's lips, the institute wrote, and had to be said out loud.

It is appropriate that the crackdown which silenced Naudé is also the one which will challenge so many whites to make the decisions of conscience of which he has spoken. The closing of two black newspapers, the detaining of a black editor, the banning of a white editor, the repression of other church leaders, and the arrest of a whole stratum of black leadership means that the men and institutions on whom South Africa might have relied to stop strict totalitarianism have been devastated. Each man and each group outside or on the margin of white power must recognize that the time has come to make a stand. The *laager* of white protection is closing.

For those directly silenced the stand came with the death of the black leader Steve Biko. The mass meetings of mourning and protest, the outcry in the world press, the large funeral attended by Western diplomats, and the public commitment to carry on the work of Biko with yet greater dedication—these led directly to the government action. The choice confronting these people—many of whom had already been detained—was clear. A compromise at such a time, in order to stay in operation a while longer, would have damaged all the work that had gone before.

Two days after Biko died, and two weeks before being banned, Donald Woods, a white editor who had known Biko well, told an audience in Cape Town: "I will not rest until I know how Steve died and those who are responsible are punished." Other journalists also took that pledge. Editors and reporters of the *Sunday Express* and the *Rand Daily Mail* published preliminary autopsy reports that Biko had died of severe brain damage. They were later found guilty of "tendentious reporting" by the industry's press council. Nonetheless, the papers said they would continue their investigation of the death. They persisted until the appointment of a government inquiry into the death, after which all coverage was halted until court proceedings should begin.

Both the English and Afrikaans press must now decide how the news is to be covered in the next few months. Last year, the Prime Minister withdrew at the last moment a bill establishing formal press censorship; he has promised to introduce it again if the papers are not sufficiently tame. Thus journalists will have to decide whether to fight until the papers are shut down, to resign, or to join the lock step of a controlled press.

The time has come as well for those Afrikaners whom Naudé left behind—the intellectuals, clergymen, politicians and businessmen who criticize but have worked for change from within.

Many are now in high posts—in the Cabinet, in Afrikaans universities and on Afrikaans newspapers. They have argued that what they have lost in moral purity by remaining in the establishment, they have gained in practical influence. Some have felt, in fact, that Naudé and men like him took the easier course—they have enjoyed the privilege of shouting, even of becoming martyrs, because their voices are impotent.

These men and women still inside the *laager* have focused their attack largely on symbolic issues—separate facilities, the "immorality act" that prohibits interracial sex, segregated sport. They have accepted the grand plan of creating separate black and white states, have tried to modify it, and to use it as a basis for political and economic development.

At times, the *verligtes* (the enlightened ones), as they are called, have lapsed into fantasy in their attempts to twist and bend the system. One academic has suggested that the black townships be incorporated into a federation of city-states. A Cabinet Minister has urged his country to look to Switzerland's cantons for a system whereby each ethnic and language group would have autonomy in its own area.

But there have been moments when it appeared that this group could in fact go far to dismantle apartheid. The reports of two government commissions in the last two years have called for full rights for the country's 2 million coloureds, and have suggested that the pass laws be decriminalized. However, these recommendations were ignored, as were all others that called for basic change.

It is now evident that the *verligtes* were being manipulated by the government for the sake of Afrikaner unity—the blindness that Naudé feared prevented them from seeing this until it was too late. These men and women urged the government to meet with many of the blacks who were thereafter placed in detention. If they do not resign from the party, they will support the very measures they tried to prevent.

But to break now would be more painful and less useful than it was for Naudé fourteen years ago. The Dutch Reformed Church remains the only institution in a position to split the Afrikaners. But aside from loyal protest within its smallest sects, which accounts for only 4 percent of the Afrikaner people, the church is, if anything, wealthier and less critical than it was fifteen years ago.

In the last year, its only public clash with the government came over the distribution of defense lottery bonds—the church is against gambling. In the same period, it handed back to the state some land it owned which was being occupied by Africans. The squatters could then be removed as trespassers on public property. The Dutch Reformed Church will remain the place of worship for the National Party.

Outside the church, the structure of Afrikaans society is as tight as ever. If the call for white survival were not enough to keep the people together, the power of the National Party machine would be. It is estimated that 75 percent of all Afrikaners now work in the civil service or in state-owned corporations that are carefully supervised by party functionaries.

But the greatest problem for those Afrikaners who might now want to leave the Nationalists is that there is no longer any place to go. The white opposition it would enter is itself preparing to be cut off from white and black society. Liberals and radicals who either do not want, or are not able, to leave the country must now test the limits of their resistance.

In his last speech at the University of Cape Town, long

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a center of government opposition, Naudé tried to envision the future whites face outside the *laager*. They would, he said, have to become white Africans. This did not mean an abandonment of the culture or all the comforts of a Western life, for that would encourage a hypocrisy and a zealousness that would be counterproductive. It would mean a willingness to contemplate a life for oneself and one's friends under a black government. Small groups would have to commit themselves to meet together if only to talk, and be prepared to do so for years, when even such meetings might become dangerous.

The most difficult issue they would have to face, Naudé said later in an interview, would be whether to serve in the army. Only a few, he said, would have the strength to resist and go to prison, and that maximum commitment should not be demanded of everyone. As long as there was little combat, and that restricted to the borders, it might make sense to serve one's time in uniform and thus preserve one's freedom. But for those who decided to make that compromise the time would come when the troops were called into Soweto, and then it would take unusual courage to refuse orders. Most whites in South Africa would see these words as a call to martyrdom and accuse Naudé of provoking his own arrest. But his insistence on such principle was not as much an expression of religious or moral fervor as it was of practical politics—for it is to him and those like him that the country must one day turn to help negotiate a peace. □

THE NARCISO-PEREZ CASE

NURSE HUNTING IN MICHIGAN

ANN JONES

Two Filipino nurses, Filipina Narciso (31) and Leonora Perez (33), were convicted last July of poisoning their patients at the Ann Arbor, Mich. Veterans Administration Hospital. The women had stood trial on charges of conspiring to poison nine patients, two of whom died, by injecting their intravenous (IV) tubes with a muscle-paralyzing drug, causing instant suffocation.

But, perhaps because mass murder is so inconsistent with everything that is known of the character of the women, Judge Phillip Pratt sent them for tests and psychological evaluation to the federal women's prison at Alderson, W.Va. He will not pass final sentence, which could be anything from probation to life, until he receives the results from Alderson. The tests have been completed but the sentencing is not expected until next year, and the nurses are out on bail.

Even the prosecuting U.S. Attorneys, who never did produce a motive for the crimes—and who never came close to proving their case beyond a reasonable doubt—speculated in closing summaries that the nurses had not really intended to commit murder, but wanted merely to create "medical emergencies" that would draw attention to chronic problems of hospital understaffing. This bizarre theory apparently impressed the jury more than the overwhelming evidence of the nurses' good character—evidence that in itself, Judge Pratt advised, could be grounds for reasonable doubt. But neither character nor evidence counted for much in this tedious, complicated case. The end of the trial lay in the beginnings of the investigation—in sexism, racism and the perverse efficiency of the FBI.

The case began in late July 1975 when nurses in the V.A. hospital reported that incidents of breathing failure —not unusual in critically ill patients—were occurring much more often than they should. By August 4, the medical staff had begun discussing the possibility of accident or drug contamination. Charts were reviewed, theories kicked around. On August 14, anesthesiologist Dr. Anne Hill verified a suspicion by giving certain tests and antidotes. She had been checking for Pavulon (pancuronium bromide), a curare-based, muscle-relaxing drug used at the hospital to immobilize patients for abdominal surgery. The drug blocks the action of muscles, including those needed for breathing. During an operation, the drug gives the surgeon a steady field, while the patient's breathing is maintained on a respirator.

When Hill reported her findings, Dr. Duane T. Freier, acting director, decided that a person was deliberately administering Pavulon. Since his hospital falls under federal jurisdiction, he called in the FBI.

Within a week (some reports say within a day), the FBI was crying murder and grilling a suspect: Filipina Narciso. The FBI first determined that respiratory arrests occurred most often during the afternoon shift in the eight-bed intensive care unit. And since Pavulon injected into IV tubes takes effect within minutes, they concluded that the poisoner must be close at hand when victims stopped breathing. The only two registered nurses on the ICU afternoon shift were Narciso and Perez; and one of the victims, John McCrery, told the FBI that Narciso had been near his bed before his breathing arrest on August 15. McCrery subsequently changed his identification many times. His wife told *Detroit Free Press* reporter Kirk Cheyfitz, "He has mentioned many nurses. We just want to forget the whole thing." McCrery had been released and had died of a heart attack at home before the trial, and his note to the FBI supposedly naming Narciso was ruled inadmissible; but the FBI never let go of that initial identification.

The bureau has not released a report of its work, but the undergraduate *Michigan Daily* estimates that the year-long, million-dollar investigation involved, at one time or

Ann Jones is writing a book, Women Who Kill, *to be published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston. She is also the author of* Uncle Tom's Campus *(Praeger/Touchstone Paperback).*

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another, 200 agents. And a good deal of testimony tends to show that they were overzealous. Narciso, Perez and other nurses claim harassment. Questioned for four to six hours at a stretch without legal counsel, Perez was badgered to confess and Narciso was warned to light a candle for herself. ICU practical nurse Julie Porter was questioned for hours, warned that the case would be pinned on one of the five people on her shift, and told to sit there until she remembered who was guilty. Other nurses testified under oath to FBI intimidation coupled with bribes offered by Hospital Chief of Staff Dr. S. Martin Lindenauer, who had returned from a European holiday to assist energetically—and according to the Michigan Nurses' Association, in a professionally "inappropriate" manner—in the FBI's investigation.

Certainly, the government was selective in choosing suspects and witnesses, and one principle of selection was sex. At least since J. Edgar Hoover's famous 1970 directive to get the "WLM" (women's liberation movement) as a subversive group, sexism has been institutional policy at the bureau. In this case, from the outset, investigators seem to have placed men beyond suspicion. Nurse Porter testified that FBI agents told her they had been warned by Dr. Lindenauer not to bother his doctors; and the Michigan Nurses' Association now calls upon the Senate Veterans' Affairs Committee to investigate "the extent to which medical and other staff received the same scrutiny and treatment by the medical director as did nursing." Lindenauer denies the allegation, and the FBI claims that it did question many men, but there can be little doubt that men were questioned differently: as witnesses, not as suspects.

The FBI's sexist suspicions were confirmed by Dr. Derek Miller, professor of psychiatry at the University of Michigan. Asked to prepare a psychological profile of the supposed killer, Miller advised agents to search for a woman, since poison is a woman's weapon. This antique prejudice apparently was accepted as serious science despite the fact that all the notorious American curare killers, such as Carl Coppoline and New Jersey's Dr. X, have been male physicians. Buttressed by Miller's "science," the FBI seized upon Narciso as a convenient suspect.

Lacking witnesses, the FBI took to hypnotizing victims and staff members to "refresh" their memories. They spent a good deal of time refreshing Richard Neely, whose medical history shows confirmed alcoholism and memory problems. And lest Neely should die before the trial, they videotaped the proceedings. So, like Watergate, it's all there on tape (shown at evidentiary hearings and to the grand jury but not to the trial jury): Richard Neely clearly remembers two nurses, Nancy and Pancho, as being in his room, but well before his attack. Pressed to recall more relevant memories, he tries to talk about a black doctor who was near his IV tubes, but the agents interrupt: "Tell us about the nurse." So far Neely hasn't thought of a nurse in his room when his breathing stopped, but after weeks of pressure he does. Dr. Martin Orne of the University of Pennsylvania, a specialist in hypnosis testifying for the defense at a pretrial hearing, speculated that Neely, stimulated by FBI suggestion, would have identified a Filipino nurse much earlier if he had come anywhere near average intelligence. As it turned out, Neely finally repaid the FBI's attention, although the Filipino nurse he positively identified was not Narciso but Perez. Six months into the investigation, Leonora Perez graduated from the standing of material witness to co-conspirator.

There were other witnesses. Without FBI prodding, William Loesch, the only victim with a clear memory of preceding events, described a mysterious man in a green surgical scrub suit as the person who tugged on his IV tubes and left the room in a hurry just as Loesch's attack was coming on. During the trial the government suggested that Loesch is mentally ill, citing his psychiatric file (obtained without consent of Loesch or his psychiatrist), and noting that he had been admitted to the V.A. hospital with self-inflicted gunshot wounds. But Loesch's "man in the green suit" is corroborated by others: Loesch's mother saw him coming in the door; relatives of victim Benny Blaine saw such a person; a nurse saw a man in green leaving just before McCrery's attack. The man in green and Neely's black doctor made two males (or perhaps only one?) whom victims remember but in whom the FBI showed no interest.

During repeated questioning by the FBI, Loesch was *told* that Narciso and Perez had poisoned him. When he stuck to his version of events, he was dropped as a witness. Also dropped as a government witness, dropped even from the FBI interview reports disclosed to the defense, was William Miller, a former patient who testified for the defense in one of the most dramatic moments of the trial. From his room across the hall Miller had watched the death of John Herman, one of the men Narciso was charged with murdering. Herman, a double amputee with a long list of other afflictions, had been crying out for hours, "Good God, let it be over." Then Miller watched Herman "pull up and give a loud groan . . . and a big sigh and then he put his hand . . . just over to his side and he stayed in that position and he passed gas. I felt Mr. Herman was gone. I didn't call. I didn't say anything. He was old and sick and I didn't want them to come. This is where I can be very wrong, but I felt: let that poor, old, sick man go." For a long time before Herman died, no one entered his room except a male mental patient in green pajamas, broken free of his restraints who, according to Miller, stood by the bedside for ten or fifteen minutes stroking Herman's IV tubes before nurses came and led him away. Herman's death on July 30, 1975, was attributed to natural causes. Months later the government exhumed his body and three others. FBI toxicologists spent four months devising tests to find Pavulon in embalmed organs of Herman and Joseph Brown, the other alleged murder victim. Never before or since has Pavulon been extracted from human tissue. The FBI tests, which the bureau claims detected Pavulon, have not been duplicated or verified by any independent laboratory, partly because they are prohibitively expensive.

So the government, pursuing Narciso, wrote off some witnesses and paid a good deal of attention to others. At the trial, one witness after another who had been hypnotized or repeatedly questioned by the FBI during the previous year and a half, remembered things a little differently than earlier reports to the FBI or the grand jury. Memories grew clearer and swerved, oddly enough, in

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the same direction. The man in a green suit disappeared, a Caucasian nurse became a Filipino nurse, an empty room contained a Filipino nurse. In a circumstantial case such as this, based solely on opportunity to commit the crime, the accuracy of witnesses' memory is crucial; so the defense prepared to show the jury, through testimony of memory expert Dr. Elizabeth Loftus, of the University of Washington, how memory bends to suggestion. Her testimony was not admitted, while Filipino nurses kept turning up everywhere in the testimony of government witnesses. Almost the only person who didn't see a Filipino nurse was William Miller, watching Mr. Herman die. He would have remembered her, he said, because she would have been "something different."

That "difference"—the racial one—is as important as sexism to this case. We deny racism, as a matter of course, but it is in our history and in Detroit it is literally in the air: a suburban restaurant advertises on Detroit radio, "Service so good it's almost Oriental." One potential juror, a career soldier who served in Korea, Japan and Vietnam, swore he had never *heard* such terms as "gook" and "slant." Good ol' boys like Richard Neely lack such discretion: he "remembered" that the nurse in his room had a "nice ass" but told his buddies that Narciso and Perez were "just a couple of slant-eyed bitches." He believes they are only part of a conspiracy of 1,800 Filipino nurses in this country determined to murder American veterans.

So the theory that these two Asian women were latter-day versions of Tokyo Rose—more intimate, more deadly—was the one the FBI pursued. Today, as too many other unanswered questions arise, it is clear that they pursued it to the exclusion of other possibilities. Faced with an intricate puzzle and under pressure from the Hearst and Hoffa cases, the bureau solved this one in short order, then set about the tedious, costly business of "developing" its case, retrieving Pavulon, "refreshing" memories.

At first it investigated episodes that had alarmed the hospital: thirty-four breathing arrests among twenty-three patients between July 18 and August 15. By pushing the period under investigation back to July 1, they came up with more than fifty arrests affecting more than thirty patients, six to thirteen of whom could have been murdered. From this broad field, the FBI could pick and choose. For example, Perez is charged with poisoning Charles Gasmire on July 29, 1975; another of his seizures, for which no charges are brought, occurred on July 28 when she was not in the hospital. Pinning down the suspects takes on elements of a roulette game in which the house controls the wheel.

During this process, Narciso and Perez were not charged with any crime but were subpoenaed to appear in a lineup, to be fingerprinted, and to provide photos of themselves in uniform, procedures which the defense challenged unsuccessfully as unauthorized extensions of the subpoena power of grand juries. Late in the investigation, at the insistence of friends, Narciso and Perez hired Ann Arbor attorney Thomas O'Brien; they didn't want to because in the Philippines only the guilty hire lawyers. In November they were subpoenaed by the grand jury, and after two appearances were indicted in June 1976, charged with ten counts of poisoning, five of murder, and one of conspiracy. (Some charges were dropped before the trial; others were thrown out for lack of evidence.)

The defense contends that the grand jury was merely an arm of the prosecution, using the same FBI agents as investigators and dependent on a one-sided presentation of facts. Exculpatory evidence, they say, was not presented. The U.S. Attorneys deny this charge, but their record for forthrightness is not good. The court repeatedly reprimanded them for delays and evasions in the disclosure process, and roundly censured prosecutor Richard Delonis for deleting exculpatory testimony from papers disclosed to the defense. And despite the complex medical problems underlying the case, no physician gave evidence to the grand jury; medical testimony came only as hearsay from FBI agents, one of whom had been a nurses' aide.

When the trial began last March, the government called almost 100 witnesses to establish two points: that crimes had been committed and that Narciso and Perez had committed them. Since the jury had to be convinced that it was dealing with crime, and not mere accident, day after day of testimony tended to show that Pavulon had been given to patients. And the government called one witness after another to establish that Narciso or Perez or both had been present before the patients' respiratory arrests. This testimony established that Narciso had been present at every breathing failure cited as a deliberate poisoning (she was the only staff member present at all of them), and Perez at most of them.

Certainly the government presented a deeply incriminating case but there is no direct evidence. *No one* ever saw Narciso or Perez inject an IV tube. No one saw them with Pavulon or observed them in any suspicious act. According to witnesses on both sides, they were never seen doing anything other than what their jobs required: that is, caring for patients and rushing to all Code 7 emergencies—including cases of respiratory arrest. The government's case, then, was far from conclusive. No smoking gun—in their case a syringe—singled out these women for prosecution.

For its part, the defense reluctantly admitted that crimes probably had occurred. They accepted government evidence that Pavulon was present in the body fluids of three victims. They acknowledged that Narciso and Perez had often been present at arrests, as their jobs required. But they suggested other possible suspects: former head nurse Betty Jakim, mentally disturbed by drug treatment for cancer, was present at almost all breathing arrests, but committed suicide in February 1977; Bonnie Bates Weston, a nurses' aide also present at most arrests, admitted giving unauthorized medications and neglecting patients, cast suspicion on two other nurses, and finally was granted immunity from prosecution for reasons never explained; and a shadowy "man in the green scrub suit" appears here and there throughout the trial like the ghost of an assassin. Defense attorney O'Brien charged the government with "selective focus": an act performed by a Filipino meant something sinister; a similar act performed by someone else meant something different, and

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often it meant nothing at all.

In singling out suspects, much emphasis was placed on timing. The government painstakingly tried to place one or both of the accused nurses near the bedside of each stricken patient, though Dr. Marcelle Willock, the government's expert witness, admitted under questioning by defense attorney Edward Stein that a Pavulon "time bomb" could be created by injecting the IV bag rather than the tube. (This time-bomb theory was rejected by another government expert witness, which shows how little the experts know for certain about Pavulon.) The mere possibility broadens the field of suspicion, for almost anyone could have injected IV bags and been far away when patients stopped breathing. And almost anyone, the defense pointed out, could have obtained Pavulon. Some personnel had free access to the hospital pharmacy. In the intensive care unit, Pavulon was stored in unlocked refrigerators that were often rifled by nurses from other wards "borrowing" drugs. A box of twenty-five vials of Pavulon ordered for the unit and signed out by pharmacy but never delivered, is still not accounted for. The most convincing evidence offered at the trial was that hospital security and record keeping were shoddy.

Some observers doubt that crimes occurred at all. Pavulon is a relatively new drug, introduced in this country in 1973-74 and perhaps not adequately tested. The government's expert witness Willock acknowledged that there are "a great many variables" and relatively little literature on the drug. There is much about Pavulon, she said, that "we just don't know." It *is* known that Pavulon interacts with various antibiotics and painkillers—which postoperative patients are likely to be receiving—in ways not altogether understood. One of the Ann Arbor victims is convinced that his respiratory arrests occurred after he had been given shots of painkiller; other patients were receiving an antibiotic known to "potentiate" Pavulon's effect. Pavulon was found in the urine of three victims, but two of them had received the drug in surgery.

Another possibility, more sinister than accident or drug interaction, is implied in the Michigan Nurses' Association's request that the Senate Veterans' Affairs Committee investigate hospital procedures: "It appears that no in-depth epidemiological investigation was undertaken by the hospital. It has never been determined whether there were any medical research projects underway during this period of time at the hospital and what the relationship might be of such research to the incidence of respiratory arrests." Were the veterans guinea pigs of hospital drug experimentation, casualties of some inexplicable blunder, or victims of deliberate attack?

The jury was sure: it acquitted Narciso on one murder charge and one poisoning charge, but found her guilty of conspiracy and of poisoning McCrery, Loesch and Mark Hogan; Perez was found guilty of conspiracy and of poisoning Blaine, Loesch and Gasmire. Four alternate jurors who heard the entire case but were eliminated by lot from final deliberations were dismayed. Alternate Kathleen Robinson said flatly, "There simply was no proof in the courtroom."

But in this case which ground on through almost four months and 7,000 pages of transcript, the jurors were bludgeoned by a kind of informational overkill. At first divided, they conscientiously went over the trial, piece by piece, and as they accepted first one and then another of the government's bits of circumstantial evidence during fourteen days of deliberation, they apparently were persuaded by the internal consistency of the prosecution's case. "Unless you've taken the hours we took to work with all the testimony," said juror Ann Meranda, "it's difficult to see how it fits together." Defense attorney Laurence Burgess, with ten years' experience in criminal law, believes that no single charge against the women could have stood on its own merits, but taken together the multiple counts were confusing and sinister. Take Hogan, for example. The *only* witness, nursing assistant Lula Balls, who watched Narciso say goodbye to Hogan and leave the ward a few minutes before his attack, testified firmly that she had seen nothing improper. "Have you ever had the slightest question in your mind about that?" she was asked. "Not at all," she said. Yet the jury convicted on this and most of the other counts, making up what one experienced courtroom observer called "the most bullshit case I've ever heard." The jury might well have had doubts, indeed it was unreasonable that they did not; but the evidence, whatever its quality, was unexcelled for quantity, and behind it stood the full weight of the FBI, the grand jury, the U.S. Attorney's office and the federal court.

It was an expensive case, of course; all big murder trials are that. But this one has cost the taxpayers much more in less tangible ways. Most important, according to Vic Esclamado, reporter for the *Philippine News,* one of several Filipino papers in this country, the case is the single issue that has united and politicized the Filipino community within the United States. Philippines Supreme Court Justice Vicente Abad Santos urged all Filipinos working in the States to return to the Philippines to avoid being treated as "second-class citizens."

At the Ann Arbor V.A. hospital, frightened nurses now refuse to give medication without a witness. The Michigan Nurses' Association has asked a question that troubles nurses nationwide: "If a nurse is now under suspicion because she (or he) is in the proper place, fulfilling a basic responsibility of nursing practice, what does this do for nursing care and the role of all nurses?" When what might be attributed to negligence in administrators, malpractice of physicians, or simply error in a complex world is charged to the criminality of nurses, the profession is indeed in trouble.

Narciso and Perez, who once believed in the FBI (having seen the TV show) and in the American judicial system, now ask their friends to pray for them. Narciso told a supporters' rally, "This could happen to you." Improbable. Improbable, too, that it could happen to Narciso and Perez. They are unlikely conspirators. They first met in April 1975, when Perez joined the Ann Arbor staff and did not meet again until they were both assigned to the intensive care unit in May. Then as the two senior R.N.s on the unit they shared duties, but not social life. Outside of work, Perez was devoted to her husband Epifano, a Filipino computer mechanic whom she met in Chicago, and her son Christopher. (Another son was

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born after her arrest.) Narciso, unmarried and more gregarious, had a wide circle of Filipino and American friends. Narciso testified that she and Perez are "good friends, but we are really not that close because I don't know her and we don't know each other that much." How do two such different people so quickly achieve the intimacy of murderous partnership?

Racial prejudice holds that people of the same race are "natural conspirators." Sexist prejudice holds that women have become aggressive, even predatory, thanks to the sinister influence of "women's lib." Opening for the prosecution, U.S. Attorney Richard Yanko admonished the jury to "remove the veil of virtue that you would attach to [the defendants] for artificial reasons and eliminate that shroud of innocence which we attach to all women merely because they are women." But this is old-fashioned rhetoric. Within the last two years major news magazines and many less respectable sheets have run features on the growing women's crime wave, a wave that owes more to the FBI's statistical methods than to female skulduggery. Feminism and fears of women criminals have always gone together, and not by mere coincidence: when women test established social boundaries, that's when witch-hunting—or nurse-hunting—begins.

One remaining question troubles many people—even those willing to accept the government's case and the jury's verdict: if Narciso and Perez *did* poison these five men, who poisoned the other thirty or forty? Some subscribe to the "tip of the iceberg" theory. The FBI suggested in 1975 that it would get "the ringleaders." Prosecutor Yanko says that, although he has no evidence of a wider conspiracy, "there may be more." In Richard Neely's paranoid view, 1,798 conspiratorial Filipino nurses remain at large. □

FORECLOSURES ON THE FOURTH ESTATE

Public TV Kills a News Winner

JAMES BENET

San Francisco

Public television's most successful local news program, the San Francisco *Newsroom* (KQED), went off the air in mid-October. The program's end, after nine years of winning awards and attracting ever larger audiences, tells a lot about the current state of the national public television system. For *Newsroom* was not only a program much admired in itself; it had been intended by the Ford Foundation as a possible model for the development of serious local news programs across the country.

However, in the years after 1968 when the program was established, the Ford Foundation began to withdraw from its former deep involvement in public television, the Nixon administration imposed a new board of political appointees to manage federal funds for the system, and KQED, once a pioneering station, fell into the hands of executives from commercial television. It was all too much for *Newsroom,* which struggled on for the last couple of years with sharply cut budgets. Just before it died, with the staff decimated and most of its experienced newsmen replaced by novices who worked at cut rates to obtain air "exposure," one viewer phoned in to ask, "Where are the real reporters?"

That was, indeed, the central point. *Newsroom* had been established on the thesis that a group of experienced newspaper reporters might be able to produce a TV news program that observed standards close to those expected of print journalism. A brief experiment during a newspaper strike in San Francisco in early 1968 had looked promising, and on that basis the Ford Foundation gave its help.

Heading the staff was Mel Wax, a Dartmouth graduate who had served an apprenticeship on small New England papers, then worked for the *Chicago Sun* and the *San Francisco Chronicle.* He had left the *Chronicle* a year earlier to become public affairs director of KQED. His chief assistant was Joe Russin, a young reporter who had been editor of the *Harvard Crimson,* worked for the *San Diego Union* and *Newsweek,* and had some TV experience with the short-lived Public Broadcast Laboratory.

Following the pattern used during the strike, the reporters whom Wax hired put together an informal program in which the anchor man and any of the others who were on the set that day freely questioned the reporter who was delivering a story. In a period when local news programs consisted mostly of handsome orators reading stories torn a few minutes earlier from a wire service teletype, with perhaps a little film of people on the street being asked whether they agreed or disagreed with the President's speech, the format had great novelty.

Having little experience with film, the reporters handled it poorly at first. But there were advantages to their ignorance; they were not tempted to judge the importance of a story by how well it lent itself to filming, and they tried to photograph events rather than merely passive illustrations—pictures of streetcars to decorate any story about transit—as is customary on local news programs of the commercial stations. Often they preferred to use the time at their disposal to dig for facts rather than to shoot film.

James Benet came to Newsroom *from the* San Francisco Chronicle *and was on the program from beginning to end. He is now free-lancing and teaching journalism at the University of California, Berkeley.*

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From the start the program won an impressive series of national and local awards, including the Columbia-duPont Journalism Award in 1969; the George Foster Peabody Award—probably the most prestigious for a news program—and the National Educational Television Community Award in 1970; the Robert F. Kennedy Award in 1973. But it also earned itself some enemies, among them the present junior Senator from California, S.I. Hayakawa. President of San Francisco State College during the student disruptions of 1968-69, Hayakawa made a national reputation for toughness, once exclaiming after a particularly bloody campus riot that he hadn't enjoye himself so much since he first rode on a roller co at the age of 10. Invited to appear on *Newsroom* t cuss the issues underlying the campus unrest, Ha denounced the reporters for their hostility to walked off the set.

Soon thereafter, a black reporter, Caroly interviewed Huey Newton in jail, and the st ne under fierce criticism from some who objected to giving Newton any time to speak on TV. It was one of the first opportunities any of the Black Panthers had had to explain the serious aims that underlay their threatening and sometimes violent activities.

During this period the staff was becoming more expert with film and the program won a new series of awards for its mini-documentaries, one on a POW returned from Vietnam, others on a school for disturbed adolescents and on the gallant and cheerful last days of a man dying from cancer. Nightly news programs, based more or less on the *Newsroom* model, were appearing on other public television stations across the country, usually with Ford Foundation help. They were being seen in Pittsburgh, Dallas and Washington, D.C., among other cities.

But news programs are expensive, as everyone found out. In the first year Ford gave $750,000 for *Newsroom*; then reduced the amount little by little over five years, to $200,000 in the final year. That was Ford's usual way with such grants, its intention being that the station should pick up more of the tab each year, and finally undertake full support.

Fortunately, the program was attracting a steadily larger following, and many of these viewers were becoming subscribers. When the program began, KQED had about 35,000 sustaining members; today it has about 130,000. In one survey, 35 percent of new members said they had joined because of *Newsroom*. They pay a basic rate of $20 per year, and many contribute more. They provide about half of the station's revenues, which have grown spectacularly—from $500,000 in 1964 to an expected $6.5 million in the current broadcast year, 1977-78.

But in the summer of 1973 the station's board of directors, dismayed by the unbusinesslike management of the little station that had grown so fast, went outside public television to find a new general manager. They picked William E. Osterhaus, who had just been relieved of his job as general manager at KPIX, the Westinghouse station that is San Francisco's CBS outlet. KPIX was slipping in the ratings.

Osterhaus came on the job with much praise for *Newsroom*, but it soon became evident that his interests lay not in public affairs programming but in developing material that would appeal to corporate underwriting. After two years he cut *Newsroom* from an hour to thirty minutes, explaining that it was too expensive and that he hoped in this way to save it. A little later the station put on a luncheon for forty advertising executives and corporation presidents, seeking what public television calls "underwriters." (The stations are forbidden by law to accept advertising, which means that they can't call their benefactors "sponsors," and that backing for programs can be announced only in the form of a "credit.")

The *Newsroom* cut provoked an extraordinary protest from the station's sponsors among the public, many of whom joined two organizations set up to protect the program. One group, headed by a University of California physicist, charged that "our public television station is being stolen out from under us by the same big corporations that control commercial broadcasting." The two groups contested the next election for the station's board of directors; they managed to place two write-in candidates on it and to open the formerly secret board meetings to public scrutiny. However, supporters of Osterhaus retained control of the board.

Newsroom, despite the cuts in its time and staff, was still flourishing. Television news directors of the commercial stations conceded that it had beaten them regularly in covering the story of Patricia Hearst's kidnapping, involvement with the Symbionese Liberation Army, and capture by the FBI. They agreed that the program's informal style had brought about major changes in their own presentation of the news. A survey made for CBS's *60 Minutes* by a University of California journalism instructor in early 1974 concluded that *Newsroom* was the only local program that consistently broadcast the pertinent facts on the stories it covered. As late as the middle of 1976 *Newsroom* still had a large audience for a public TV program—7.7 percent of the viewing homes at 7:30 P.M.—and was well above the average rating for KQED's prime-time programming.

But Osterhaus and the other executives he had brought from commercial television were frankly disparaging of their leading program. The general manager told one executive, who had been contributing business reports to *Newsroom*, that his time was too valuable for that sort of thing. The assistant general manager said *Newsroom* made it more difficult for the station to raise money from corporate underwriters. The situation was not without light moments, as when one station executive explained to newsmen during union negotiations in 1974 that no job-security clause could be provided because the station needed to be free to change news staff. "This year the big news is Watergate," the executive said, "so we need Watergate reporters. But next year it might be the economy, and we'd need economy reporters." It was funny at the time, but such ignorance of and lack of concern for the program were clearly ominous.

Last January, Russin, who had become the program's producer, resigned after long months of battling every new cut in budget and staff. Osterhaus brought in to replace him another commercial TV executive who had

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worked for him at KPIX, and who promptly reorganized the program along commercial station lines.

For the reporters the chief immediate change was a new emphasis on what television people call "production values," and what print reporters are inclined to view as largely window dressing. This meant that significant news about the city was often ignored because it offered no opportunity for pictures. The new director posted a notice to the effect that a researcher had found that people watch news because it is entertainment. He ran a film story about the Air Force's *Blue Angels* stunt flying team that was so empty of news content that some viewers assumed it was actually a recruiting film. When questioned about it he replied that the flying team was very popular at air shows and "people like to watch them."

The news content of the program began to lose its tone of authority, since reporters were pressed more and more to shoot illustrative film, using up the time they needed for thorough researching of their stories. They found themselves in the classic television situation—about which they had often heard complaints from their colleagues at other stations—of having to start writing before they knew what was happening because the demand for film left them no time to find out. Film interviews with people involved in the news were ordered to be no shorter than fifteen seconds and no longer than forty seconds, no matter what the individual had to say.

The fact was that the board of directors, looking for businesslike management, had turned KQED over to the same people who run the commercial system for which public television is supposed to be an alternative. The station's new policy was clearly shown in its successful promotion of a program directed at the elderly and called *Over Easy*. The "host" for the program is Hugh Downs, once the chief figure on NBC's *Today* show, and its content, to judge from the pilot programs, will suggest that the elderly can solve their problems by emulating Rudy Vallee, who is still active and happy in his 70s.

KQED has been able to get a grant of about $3 million from HEW to produce 130 programs in this series, and another $1.8 million from the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. That may be depressing, but it is not surprising, for much the same thing that has happened to KQED has happened to public television at the national level. The Nixon administration installed as head of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (which distributes federal funds) Henry Loomis, a long-time executive of the U.S. Information Agency and the *Voice of America*. And the head of the Public Broadcasting System, ostensibly controlled by the stations themselves, is a former CBS and NBC advertising executive, Lawrence Grossman.

The Carnegie Corporation, which produced an influential report on public television ten years ago, has announced formation of a committee to make a new study. The group, to be headed by President William McGill of Columbia University, will be comprised of twenty leading citizens, about half of whom are to have broadcasting experience. President Carter has said he welcomes this effort to improve the quality of public television. The committee is expected to report early in 1979, but meanwhile the proportion of public television budgets going to news and public affairs is steadily declining. With the death of *Newsroom*, all the local news programs that were started with such high hopes are now off the air. Nationally, only 12 percent of public TV prime-time programming is now devoted to public affairs; less than five years ago it was 30 percent.

And the public television stations, no less than the commercial ones, are now preoccupied with program ratings. As the stations bid for viewer donations over the air, they find that the big cultural and entertainment programs with corporate sponsorship and advertising bring in more contributions than do most public affairs programs. *Newsroom* had long been an exception, bringing a strong viewer response when Mel Wax called for membership pledges and donations. It was therefore ironic that Osterhaus should say, after crippling and corrupting the program, that a principal reason for killing it was that in the past year its ratings had dropped. □

A Press Lord Comes to Buffalo

ROBERT T. GRIEVES & DAVID STRACK

Buffalo, N.Y.

An antitrust suit brought in U.S. District Court on October 28 by the *Buffalo Courier-Express* against the *Buffalo Evening News* defines the major problem of newspaper publishing in this country today: it has become big business, concerned primarily with increasing profits by reducing competition, and interested in editorial content only as it serves that end.

The following statistics, reported by Ben H. Bagdikian in the *Columbia Journalism Review*, will put the *Courier*'s suit in perspective. Of the 1,500 cities with daily papers, 97.5 percent have no local daily newspaper competition. In 1920, there were rival newspapers in 700 U.S. cities; today there are fewer than fifty. And of that number, fewer still are served by two family-owned newspapers, one morning, one evening, in competition with each other.

Until last April, however, Buffalo was one such city. At that time Nebraska multimillionaire Warren E. Buffett, through his Los Angeles-based Blue Chip Stamp Co., bought the *News* for a reported $33 million after the death of its principal owner, Mrs. Edward H. Butler Jr. And on September 3, the *News* announced that it would bring out a Sunday edition in November.

The financially strapped *Courier*, owned by the Conners family, which had had the Sunday market to itself for fifty years, charged that the *News*'s plans for launching

Robert Grieves and David Strack are both former reporters for the Buffalo Courier-Express.

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a Sunday edition violated antitrust laws. Richard C. Lyons, treasurer of the *Courier-Express*, testified in court: "It [the *News*'s giveaway sampling program] could possibly be the catalyst to put us out of business."

Out-of-town interlopers with big money are not a new phenomenon in American publishing. Rupert Murdoch paid more than $30 million for the *New York Post*, and later acquired the *Village Voice*, *New York* and *New West* empire. He has said: "You pay three times the revenue because it's a monopoly and a license to steal money forever."

The late Canadian Lord Thomson of Fleet, whose company owns fifty-seven American newspapers, once said: "I buy newspapers to make money to buy more newspapers to make more money. As for editorial content, that's the stuff you separate the ads with." (Both these quotes are from Bagdikian in the *Columbia Journalism Review*.)

And Warren Buffett, who owns 10 percent of the company that owns *The Washington Post*, *Newsweek*, the *Trenton Times* and five television and radio stations, in addition now to the *Buffalo News*, was quoted at secondhand, in a March 31st *Wall Street Journal* article, as saying that a monopoly newspaper is as lucrative as an unregulated toll bridge.

The *News* has a weekday circulation of 280,000, a Saturday circulation of 295,000 and 1976 net profits of $800,000. Among the top thirty American dailies, it ranks first in the percentage of home county readers and near the top in the percentage of metropolitan readers. In recent years the paper has moved into a glittering new building, 1 News Plaza, downtown from the more modest structure the *Courier-Express* built in the late 1920s.

The *Courier*'s circulation is 125,000 Monday through Friday, but climbs to 270,000 on Sunday. Winner in 1977 of first prizes from the New York State Associated Press for spot news and color photography, the *Courier* considers itself a scrappy competitor which outshines the *News* on local coverage. But largely because of increased production costs and a generous union pay scale, the *Courier* reported 1976 net profits of only $1,600 and lost a reported $330,000 in the first eight months of 1977.

To fight the threat from the *News*, the *Courier* reorganized its Sunday edition—which brings in 61 percent of the paper's revenues—into twelve sections, changed its motto from "Western New York's Greatest Newspaper" to "Buffalo Family Owned and Operated," added a TV magazine printed in Philadelphia, and included "exciting new color" photos and drawings. The renovated package was promoted in television spots that touted "the new *Courier-Express*."

But publisher William J. Conners III apparently had more on his mind than just pepping up the Sunday *Courier*. In a surprise news conference held in his office on October 28, *Courier* lawyers announced their suit, charging that the *News* sought to create for itself a monopolistic situation. As a first step, they sought to enjoin the *News* from publishing its initial Sunday edition on November 13.

The suit met with mixed reactions in the *Courier* city room. One reporter characterized it as "A great mistake. It's an admission of our tremendously weakened position —it's as if we were writing our own obituary." But other staffers saw the suit as a sign that management intended to stay in business and fight.

The first day of court proceedings on November 4 revealed the national scope of the suit. Frederick Furth, an antitrust lawyer from San Francisco, presented the opening arguments for the *Courier*; Ronald Olson, a Los Angeles lawyer, assisted the *News* lawyers. Visiting federal Judge Charles Brieant Jr. of New York City presided.

What seemed most to anger the *Courier*'s executives was that the *News* would in effect offer its new Sunday edition to subscribers free for five weeks, charging only the regular six-day price of $1.05 during the introduction period. It seemed also to distress *Courier* management and staffers that the Sunday *News* would sell for 30¢, undercutting the Sunday *Courier* by 20¢.

Furth told the judge he would attempt to show that the *News*, by the means whereby it sought to "buy its way" into the seven-day newspaper market, was in violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act. Manly Fleischmann, a Buffalo lawyer representing the *News*, told Judge Brieant that his client would seek to preserve competition in the Buffalo market and that the *Courier* had until now possessed a Sunday news monopoly.

During questioning on the first day, Buffett conceded that in a monopoly market the *News* would be worth three times what he had paid for it. But when asked if the possibility of driving his competitor out of business was a factor in the decision to publish a Sunday paper, he replied: "No, sir. I think the *Courier-Express* is going to be around for a long time."

The hearings brought out some salient points. *Courier-Express* treasurer Lyons filed an affidavit which said that 72 percent of Sunday *Courier* readers also read the Saturday *News*, and that when, in August 1970, the daily *Courier* had raised its price from 10¢ to 15¢, it lost 20,000 subscribers in the four weeks before the daily *News* also raised its price from 10¢ to 15¢. Lyons testified that the *Courier* never regained those lost subscribers.

Buffett and publisher Henry Z. Urban were at a loss to explain to Furth how the *News* could "guarantee" 280,000 readers for its Sunday editions in letters reportedly sent to prospective advertisers. Buffett also maintained that it was the Saturday *News*, not the Sunday *News*, which would be given away.

Though the testimony remained sedate, emotions ran high outside the courtroom. "The newspaper war" became a staple on the 6 and 11 P.M. newscasts of the three Buffalo TV stations. The *Courier* began its coverage of the two-day hearing on the front page, and printed the full text of the suit; the *News* limited itself to one or two discreet articles inside. Murray B. Light, managing editor of the *News*, assured readers that the Sunday *News* would be "an exciting package, one which will provide you with a full day's entertainment."

A call-in radio talk show on local station WBUF indicated that, although city residents liked the idea of two

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papers in Buffalo, they felt it was "too late for the *Courier* to save itself." A series of articles in the student paper of the State University of New York at Buffalo favored the *Courier,* which naturally enough, bolstered the morale of its staff while irritating *News* personnel.

The real issue in the *Courier-News* struggle was brought out by Rich Kellman, anchor man of the 6 o'clock news on WGR-TV. Reporting on the suit, Kellman noted that both papers were fighting over a shrinking readership in the Buffalo area. In "the battle for the front page," Kellman implied, no one would win: neither the *Courier* with its limited resources, nor the *News* with its large cost outlays for additional equipment and staff nor, ultimately, the city of Buffalo, which could find itself with only one major newspaper.

Though nationwide newspaper circulation has grown since the end of World War II, its rate of increase has slowed, according to a study done by Jon G. Udell for the Bureau of Business Research and Service. Udell cites among the factors creating one-newspaper cities the growth of television news, the development of local or smaller city papers, the deterioration of cities and the rising costs of labor.

On November 9 Judge Brieant completed his decision on a preliminary injunction. He took the middle road: the *News* could pass out free Sunday papers for just two weeks, but could sell them for 30¢ if it refrained from pressuring *Courier* distributors to switch to the *News.* He recommended that a magistrate be selected for the jury trial which will focus on the suit itself.

The final outcome of the *Courier*'s suit is probably months away. Meanwhile, both *News* and *Courier* will be scrambling for readers as Buffalo's newspaper war continues. □

B-52s, B-1s, FB-111Hs, B-Xs

THE AIR FORCE NEVER FORGETS

ROBERT C. ALDRIDGE

When President Carter canceled the B-1 he transferred the administration's blessings to the cruise missile as a more acceptable alternative, but that did not end the heavy bomber debate. The military dislike either-or decisions, and long before Carter became a Presidential candidate the Air Force was planning to have its cake and eat it. Now the Pentagon is taking contingency action to revive the penetrating bomber issue.

One of the main justifications for the B-1 was as a replacement for the creaky old B-52 bombers that were deployed in the 1950s and early 1960s. An Air Force spokesman once stated that, unless they got the B-1, his people would have to put new engines and wings on the B-52s. What the public hasn't realized is that many B-52 modifications had already been completed before the B-1 was canceled. Included among them were extensive structural and wing work, installation of short-range attack missile racks in the "G" and "H" models, installation of electro-optical viewing systems, and what is called the Phase-6 Mod which improves the B-52's warning systems and countermeasures. Former Strategic Air Commander Gen. Russel E. Daugherty admitted that 300 B-52s will be carried on inventory beyond the year 2000.

Nor is that all. It has been claimed that technology now being developed for a major retrofit could add fifteen years to the B-52's life. The first plane is scheduled for this upgrading by mid-1983. The retrofit package consists of enhanced avionics, along with computerized sensors that will follow the terrain like a map and avoid obstacles on the way to the target. Thus equipped a B-52 will be able to skim the ground at 300 feet for hours at a time. This capability is not typical of a cruise missile carrier; it is useful only to penetrate hostile territory, whether in a nuclear or conventional war.

The issue of penetrating bombers has recently resurged in Congress and has ostensibly caused the Carter administration to rethink its position. Although the House and Senate agree that a penetrating bomber capability should be maintained, they are far apart on what it should be. In September the Senate Armed Services Committee recommended $20 million for fiscal 1978 development of a stretched FB-111.

The FB-111 is advertised—particularly in SALT negotiations—as a tactical aircraft, but it is worth recording that sixty-eight of those planes are assigned to the Strategic Air Command. Encouraged by the Senate's vote, the Air Force plans to modify two of those bombers by stretching them out and equipping them with B-1 engines. The first of the larger craft, now known as the FB-111H, will be ready to fly in two years. Then, assuming that the two prototypes test out successfully, the program will move on to convert another sixty-five, while at the same time reopening the General Dynamics production line to produce 100 brand new "H" models. The projected cost of this new fleet of 167 medium bombers is $7 billion. Their advantage is that they will not be counted against the U.S. quota of heavy bombers in any future SALT agreement, now that U.S. negotiators have conceded that the Soviet Backfire bomber is not a strategic weapons carrier.

The FB-111H is not a new idea; SAC officials have been discussing its design with General Dynamics for almost three years. Thus encouraged, General Dynamics

Robert Aldridge is an aerospace engineer who helped develop five generations of submarine-launched strategic missiles. Now a critic of the arms race, he has written for numerous publications (frequently for The Nation*) and delivered papers at several international symposiums.*

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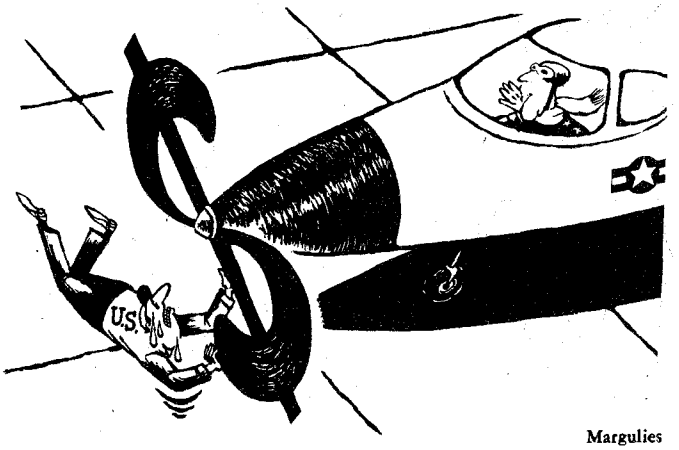
has put in about 800 hours of wind-tunnel testing on "H" configuration scale models, at a cost of $10 million—drawn, reportedly, from the company's "discretionary funds."

Members of the House Appropriations Committee are crying "foul." They claim that the administration misled them regarding its views on penetrating bombers; had they known of FB-111H plans, they would never, they say, have approved the B-1's cancellation. The House rejected the $20 million FB-111H study budget voted by the Senate and pushed hard to restore funding for the fifth and sixth B-1 planes. The Air Force, on the other hand, doesn't want to finish even the fourth aircraft—it wants all the money to go into the FB-111H basket and hasn't requested any B-1 budget for fiscal 1979. Nor has Rockwell International given up on the B-1. It is leaning heavily on Congress to consider its proposal for a dual-role B-1—a plane that can be either a penetrating bomber or a cruise missile carrier.

The Senate committee did not stop at authorizing the FB-111H study; it also began to prod the Pentagon into considering a new penetrating bomber designed to overcome Soviet air defenses during the 1990s. Dubbed B-X, this new weapon received a vote of confidence from the committee in the form of a $5 million budget for investigation during fiscal 1978.

When Congressmen pressed the administration to clarify its position on penetrating bombers, President Carter said that he had not made the difficult decision to cancel the B-1 merely to build a less capable manned bomber. He did concede, however, that although he hopes it won't be necessary to produce a new aircraft, it is conceivable that future developments might make it so. Defense Secretary Harold Brown, on the other hand, recently observed that the B-1 option is getting increasingly difficult to exercise. He said that over the long haul development of the FB-111H may be a better way to preserve the option for a penetrating bomber. House members observed that the Defense Secretary's statement did not resolve the confusion.



Margulies

"Okay . . . Start 'er Up!"

The House-Senate deadlock was sent for resolution to a joint meeting. In late October the conferees agreed to go ahead with the $20 million FB-111H program, but to cancel the advance penetrating bomber study. However, that does not appear to put an end to B-X. Early in November, Lockheed was given a $270,000 grant from NASA to study a hypersonic jet transport that would burn liquid hydrogen and cruise at 4,000 miles per hour. While this is ostensibly a civilian program, the Air Force is said to be interested. A hypersonic strategic aircraft could well provide the next generation of heavy bombers. □

POLITICAL SUICIDE IN NEW JERSEY

THE GOP LOSES AN EASY ONE

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

"Now I know why the Democrats win and we lose. They identify the voting blocs—blacks, the elderly, public employees, commuters—and they give them money. Then we come along and we tell them, 'Vote for us and we'll take it away from you.'"

Lament of a losing Republican candidate for the General Assembly in New Jersey

Analyzing the gubernatorial races in Virginia and New Jersey, *The Wall Street Journal* (November 9), concluded, "The outcome of the two statewide elections showed no national trend. The President campaigned for the victor in New Jersey and the loser in Virginia." But the *Journal* has a tendency to see silver linings in the darkest of Republican clouds, and the fact is that this year's only two statewide elections are part of a pattern. In Virginia, the Republicans won an election they should have won; in New Jersey they lost an election they should have won. The latter performance was typical of the GOP, a political party which, given any opportunity at all, will snatch defeat from the jaws of victory. When a party has become a permanent minority in Congress, when it controls only a handful of governorships around the country, it cannot afford to waste the kind of golden opportunity it had in New Jersey. The state was the last best hope for the GOP in the Northeast. Last year, alone among the major industrial states in that region, it went for Gerald Ford. It was ready, almost begging, to go Republican again. Yet the Democratic incumbent, Brendan T. Byrne, the state's most unpopular Governor in memory, won with a handsome 58 percent of the vote. To be sure, Byrne and the Democrats ran a clever, perhaps even brilliant, campaign but that would not have

John McLaughlin is a columnist for the New York Daily News *who works out of Trenton.*

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been enough. This was an election that Byrne couldn't win. He needed the Republicans and their candidate, state Sen. Ray Bateman, to figure out a way to lose it. The Republicans and Bateman complied.

Last February 9, Byrne met in New York with his political brain trust to discuss what he ought to do about running for re-election. The Governor's pollster told him that his base of support was very small and that it was, in Byrne's word, "unexpandable." For the past two years, the Governor, elected in 1973 by a record 700,000 votes, had been unable to appear in public without getting booed. He was an object of ridicule within his own party. His press was unspeakably bad and the polls showed that only 17 percent of the citizens gave him good marks for job performance. (Nixon, during the worst of his troubles, did not fall below 17 percent in New Jersey.)

The consensus was predictable: Byrne ought to do himself and the party a favor, bow to the inevitable and accept the sobriquet hung around his neck by Republicans and Democrats alike—OTB (One-Term Byrne). But the Governor, notorious for an inability to make decisions, decided to wait. Then, almost magically, his stock began to inch up. In April, surrounded by staffers, Cabinet members and other jobholders who had no choice but to turn out and look loyal, Byrne, with tears in his eyes and a catch in his voice, announced that he would have a go at re-election. All hands beseeched the ghost of Harry Truman for help.

The Governor's major problem was the billion-dollar income tax enacted the previous July by an exhausted legislature after two years of fiscal chaos and unremitting acrimony. The tax issue had been a political bogeyman in New Jersey for twenty years. In the 1973 campaign Byrne, a former prosecutor and judge, had finessed the issue by saying he saw no need for an income tax "in the foreseeable future." Two months after his inauguration, he was out stumping for one.

New Jersey was then under a state Supreme Court order to refinance its public school system, making it comply with a clause in the state Constitution that held it was the state's responsibility to insure all students a "thorough and efficient education." The court contended that there was a clear correlation between money spent on students and the quality of their education, and noted that the then-current financing arrangement, which relied heavily on local property taxes, was manifestly unfair to students in cities and rural communities that were short on ratables. Liberals saw in the decision a chance to reform the state's archaic tax system; Byrne saw an opportunity to pull off the ultimate in gubernatorial *machismo*—forcing a reluctant legislature to O.K. a state income tax. Former Democratic Gov. Richard J. Hughes, now Chief Justice of the state Supreme Court, had tried and failed to do it in 1966. Six years later, a Republican Governor, William T. Cahill, placed an income tax as the cornerstone of a massive tax-reform program. Cahill couldn't pull it off either, and for his pains, GOP voters turned him out of office in the 1973 primary.

But for Byrne, the odds looked promising. There was the pressure from the court and he had taken office with 3-to-1 majorities in both houses. But Byrne, making the classic political blunder, produced a plan without consulting the Democratic legislative leaders. The legislature rejected his plan and hosts of others and Byrne's relationship with the legislators collapsed. When a tax bill was finally passed, he and his staffers were told to stay away from it—that anything the Governor was associated with would go down in flames.

The Governor had other problems; he was a public relations disaster. When he first took office, he wanted for himself a 30 percent pay raise at a time when the National Pay Board was holding the rest of the country to 6 percent. During the worst of the Arab oil boycott, when New Jersey drivers were lined up for hours at the gas pumps, Byrne wanted to order a new Cadillac.

From the beginning it was clear that the sports-loving Governor enjoyed the perquisites of his office. He almost never turned down a junket. No celebrity tennis tournament escaped him, nor did any other opportunity to rub shoulders with the famous, or relax in warm climes. He was caught using a state helicopter to transport himself and a buddy to a paddle tennis match in Connecticut; his daughter, Susan, was caught making a state car her own while attending college in Washington. Judicial vacancies went unfilled; appointments of all kinds were sloppily handled; political friends (old cronies excepted) went unrewarded; enemies went unpunished. His staff was roundly denounced as incompetent, and when his first press secretary, Herb Wolfe, left to become editor of the *Trenton Times*, that newspaper promptly ran an editorial advising the Governor not to run for re-election because he was standing in the way of better men.

As for his political influence, consider this: early in 1976, Byrne came out for Carter. When the candidate from Georgia began to run up primary victories in other states, Byrne looked like a very smart cookie. But when Carter ran in New Jersey's June primaries at a time when he appeared unstoppable, the Democrats voted overwhelmingly for an uncommitted slate of delegates tied loosely to Hubert Humphrey and Jerry Brown. At the convention in New York, the New Jersey delegates ignored Byrne; on occasion, they insulted him. Last summer, Byrne's son Tom drove up to a gas pump in a car decorated with Byrne stickers. The service station owner refused at first to fill the tank, but relented when Tom explained the family connection.

Byrne's weakness was such that a horde of candidates entered the primary against him. The list included two Congressmen, a former member of Byrne's Cabinet, the Mayor of Jersey City and Byrne's own appointee to the Bi-State Waterfront Commission. His opponents cut one another up so effectively that Byrne wound up with a third of the vote. New Jersey election law has no provision for a runoff, so he was the winner.

Meanwhile, the Republicans were also holding a primary. The contenders were Bateman, a twenty-year veteran of the state legislature, and Thomas Kean, also a legislative leader and the scion of one of the state's founding and wealthiest families. Both men had progressive

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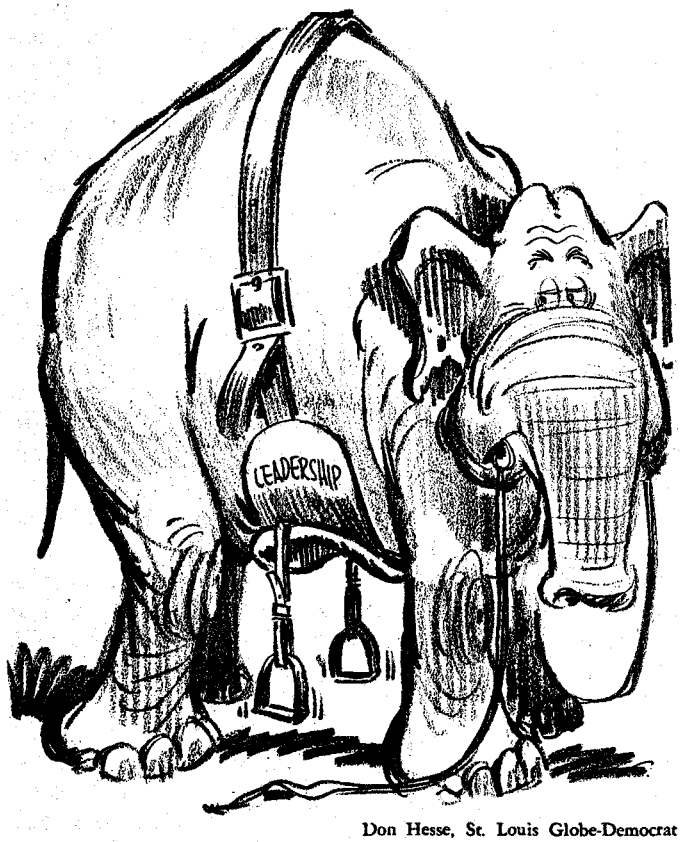

Don Hesse, St. Louis Globe-Democrat

records; both had voted for income tax plans in the past, and both had always paid lip service to tax reform. Bateman—steady, dependable, a solid spokesman for his party—was the clear favorite and had most of the county organizations behind him.

But Kean threw into the Bateman campaign a scare that came close to panic. He began to buy television time —very expensive in New Jersey because the state has no TV station of its own and buys must be made in New York and Philadelphia—and this was a tactic never before tried in a GOP primary. Kean also moved quickly to the Right on the income tax issue, denouncing it as unpopular and unfair and vowing to let it expire (the tax law was drawn to self-destruct on June 30, 1978). He told GOP voters that, if he were elected, he would call a tax convention and let "the people" decide the issues.

The heat built up on Bateman to take a tougher line against the tax. Finally, one night in April, while campaigning in Paterson before a violently anti-tax audience, Bateman allowed himself to be carried away. He promised flat-out that, if elected, he would run the state for four years without an income tax. He also promised to come up with a document that would explain how he proposed to do this. He won the primary handily—so handily, in fact, that one could make a strong argument that he had not needed the no-tax pledge.

By mid-summer, the polls had Bateman leading Byrne by 20 points. By Labor Day Republicans believed, as one top Bateman aide put it, that, "This election is over; there isn't any way we can lose." (Those of us covering the campaign were not inclined to argue, but we should have known better: Republicans in this state can always find a way to lose.) As the campaign moved into the final weeks, Bateman was under some pressure to soften his anti-tax stand, mainly because it made good political sense to run against Byrne rather than the tax issue. He was also told that he ought to renege on his promise to produce a plan for operating without an income tax, or at the least to wait until the closing days of the campaign to release it. Editorial writers were not eager to endorse Byrne, but they were overwhelmingly pro-tax, and though most of them viewed Bateman as the better of the two men, they felt that the tax issue was bigger by far than either of them. Bateman needed to shift ground if he wanted editorial support, but he is as honorable a fellow as you are likely to run into in politics. He had made a promise in the primary; he wouldn't break faith with those who voted for him. He had said he would deliver a plan and he was not eager to have it compared with Nixon's secret plan for peace in Vietnam.

On September 23—a day that will be remembered by New Jersey Republicans—the plan was unveiled. It was slipped into the middle of a press conference on economic recovery, and it was not, physically or intrinsically, what you would call an impressive document. When the big moment came, standing at Bateman's side was the major author of the plan, William E. Simon, former Secretary of the Treasury and national energy czar. Simon is the quintessential New Jersey Republican—a New York investment banker who commuted from his showplace mansion in the rolling hills of Morris County. Whatever his skills as administrator for financiers, Simon is a political dope. He had demonstrated that in the past and now he was about to prove it conclusively. After weeks of what was supposed to be intensive study and investigation, Simon came up with a financial plan for New Jersey that was appalling in its duplicity and simple-mindedness —an amalgam of questionable budget cuts, account juggling and unrealistically optimistic economic forecasts.

Said a GOP legislator when he heard about it, "My God. This is the same kind of crap we use every year when we want to stand up on the floor and make political arguments about the Democratic budget. It's O.K. for a couple of speeches that nobody pays any attention to, but you don't put it out as a serious proposal in the middle of a campaign. How goddamned dumb can they be?"

This was the moment the Democrats had been awaiting since June. Byrne's media man, David Garth, had already succeeded in transforming Byrne from liar to honest penitent by having him, in TV spots, admit he had been wrong four years ago when he said the state didn't need the tax. Garth was also presenting his man as a Governor with some real accomplishments on his record, a gutsy guy who made the hard decisions and stood by them. The Democrats were ready now for the final phase and they believed they would live or die according to how it worked. It would be a contest, as Byrne said later, "between my unpopular program and his [Bateman's] unpopular plan."

Dick Leone, Byrne's campaign manager in 1973 and state treasurer for the first three years of his adminis-

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tration, was one of the Governor's major advisers during the campaign. On September 23 he was waiting in his office for a courier to bring him a copy of the Bateman-Simon proposal. "This kid came running in with this smudgy, 4-page thing and he told me it was the plan and I guess I went a little crazy. I started screaming at him. This couldn't be the plan. Didn't he know the Governor had to make a response right away and how the hell were we going to attack it unless we saw the whole thing? But we checked, and it was the plan and it was as though the heavens had opened up and a ray of light had settled on us. I couldn't believe we could get that lucky."

The next morning, when Byrne called a press conference, he was in high humor. After he and Clifford Goldman, Leone's successor as state treasurer, ripped the plan to shreds, Byrne said: "Henceforth the Bateman-Simon plan will be known by its initials."

Editorial writers, columnists and even reporters purportedly writing straight news stories had a field day. Bateman and Simon were proposing to scrap a $1 billion tax program and balance the budget by using unanticipated surpluses, lapsed funds and unexpended balances. They would collect sales taxes more efficiently. They would kick the loafers off welfare. They would get new taxes out of new industries they would lure to New Jersey. They would create a management study commission and that would cut costs; they would institute a job freeze and maybe—just maybe—they might have to raise the sales tax a penny. Even if you believed the Bateman-Simon figures, which were clearly the invention of the authors, there was no escaping the fact that much of what they were proposing was a one-shot deal. They might pull off a miracle in the first year of the Bateman administration but miracles do not play encores.

The Bateman balloon had sprung a bad leak but the conventional wisdom still held that he would survive—Byrne and the tax, it was thought, were so unpopular that nothing could turn the election around. Bateman might have a couple of bad weeks, his staff conceded, but it would blow over. And the polls agreed; in the first week of October, they put Bateman ahead by anywhere from 7 to 12 points. But the polls showed something else, too. They showed that a majority of New Jerseyites didn't believe there was any realistic chance that the tax would be eliminated. Most of them wanted it to disappear, but few believed Bateman could make that wish come true. The voters were also saying that, given a choice between the income tax or higher sales and property taxes, they would take the income tax, as being more fair. And big, important blocs of voters were coming to the conclusion that, for them, the income tax was a good deal.

Property taxes in New Jersey had risen steadily every year since 1942. In 1976 they jumped by $340 million. But in 1977 the property levy fell by $88 million. New Jersey real estate taxes are the highest in the country, but for one year, at least, they went no higher. Moreover, the state government was providing the citizens with tangible and spendable evidence of the beauty of taxation by sending them homeowner rebate checks—$100 before the primary, and another $100 just before the general election. And the Byrne administration was even thoughtful enough to mail out the applications for next year's rebate the week before the election.

There are an estimated 100,000 commuters in New Jersey—people who had been paying income taxes to New York and Pennsylvania for years. But they got the rebates, too, and they benefited just like everyone else from the property tax stabilization. Senior citizens, who were perhaps the most vehement opponents of the income tax, discovered that for them it meant money from heaven, or at least money from Trenton. Unless their income was more than $27,000 a year, they paid no income taxes, and those who owned homes got the rebates. Teachers, cops, firemen and public employees of all types were also getting the message—cut taxes and cut out any chance of a decent pay raise. The tide was turning; by the end of the month, Byrne had drawn even.

From the beginning, Bateman's strategy was to zero in on blue-collar voters. Most of them were Democrats, but it was in this group that the anti-tax fires burned most brightly. He walked the streets of the cities; he turned up at plant gates; he put together ethnic organizations for Bateman. The anger out there against Byrne was real, but Bateman never understood what it was about. These voters were fed up with taxes of all sorts: sales taxes, excise taxes, federal income taxes, property taxes, Social Security taxes. The Bateman camp made the mistake of assuming that all of this anger was directed specifically at Brendan Byrne and his income tax. Byrne was unpopular because these voters believed he was an ineffective Governor and because they believed he had conned them in 1973. The Byrne con job should have been Bateman's best issue, but he was unable to exploit it because he knew—and the voters were beginning to know—that Ray Bateman was doing exactly the same thing. Bateman knew all about the rebate program and he knew it was popular. Yet he insisted on calling it a "fraud," suggesting, almost, that citizens ought to be ashamed of themselves for cashing the checks.

Fourteen years ago, the Republicans in New Jersey controlled eight of fifteen seats in the U.S. House of Representatives. Now they have four. Six years ago, they had a Governor and control over both houses of the state legislature. Now Byrne is in for another four years and the Democrats are up by a 2-to-1 margin in both houses. Of the state's twenty-one counties, only six are controlled by the GOP and those six account for just 20 percent of the population.

But there is one bright spot on the horizon. Clifford P. Case, the veteran Republican Senator, is up for reelection in 1978. He is an enormously successful vote getter and he runs with coattails. Yet the Republicans are at it again. Jeffrey Bell, a former Ronald Reagan staffer, is already campaigning hard to wrest the GOP nomination from Case. He says Case is too liberal for New Jersey and that the state is "really quite conservative." This is an elephant that never remembers. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

'I'm Way Down in Dixie, But I Feel Like I Ain't Nowhere'

BROTHER TO A DRAGONFLY. *By Will D. Campbell. The Seabury Press. 268 pp. $9.95.*

WITNESS IN PHILADELPHIA. *By Florence Mars. Louisiana State University Press. 296 pp $10.*

IN SEARCH OF THE SILENT SOUTH: Southern Liberals and the Race Issue. *By Morton Sosna. Columbia University Press. 275 pp. $11.95.*

JOHN TAYLOR

Will Campbell is a Southern preacher and a veteran of the civil rights struggle who ministers to Klansmen and to other outcasts both white and black. Urged by his friends, Walker Percy among them, to write his autobiography, Campbell has produced instead an eloquent memorial to his older brother, Joe. Though filled with hilarious characters and anecdotes, this account of a ruined life is sad and moving.

Will and Joe were devoted to each other, perhaps only as brothers can be. As children growing up poor in rural Mississippi during the depression, they were inseparable, and so far as Will can recall there was nothing in their early lives to suggest the very different fates that awaited them. From the least promising of origins Will went on to become one of the South's more prominent churchmen. Joe remained in obscurity and died young. As a pharmacist he had easy access to drugs and, being unable to endure even the most minor physical pain, he became fatally addicted to amphetamines. *Brother to a Dragonfly* is in chief part a retrospect of Joe's willed self-destruction, which even his brother's steady devotion could not prevent.

Preacher Will, as he is known to his neighbors in Tennessee, recounts some of his own story in the telling of Joe's, a story that should dispose of some of the more fanciful Northern stereotypes of Dixie. His respect for blacks was learned early under the tutelage of a grandfather who explained to him and to all the family that the Civil War had ended long ago. Ordained a Baptist preacher while still in high school, Campbell was one of the few white churchmen in the South to become involved in the civil rights movement from its earliest beginnings. The experience led to an unforeseen conversion:

> There was drama and romance in the Civil Rights movement and we who had no home at home sought that home in the black cause. Because we did not understand the nature of tragedy we learned the latest woolhat jokes, learned to cuss Mississippi and Alabama sheriffs, learned to say "redneck" with the same venomous tones we had heard others, or ourselves, say "nigger." We did not understand that those we so vulgarly called "redneck" were a part of the tragedy. They had been victimized one step beyond the black. They had had their head taken away by cunning, skillful and educated gentlemen and ladies of the gentry. And so we, my people and Joe's . . . picked the wrong enemy. We were not wrong in aligning ourselves with the black sufferer. But we were wrong in not directing some of our patience and energy and action to a group which also had a history. A history of slavery. The redneck's slavery, called indentured servanthood. . . . No wonder that he had to find a Jonah.

It might seem rash presumption on the part of a Northerner to argue with a redneck about the springs of redneck behavior. Surely anyone of Campbell's experience can be assumed to know what he's talking about. Yet for all his insight, he seems to exaggerate the importance of poverty and exploitation as the causes of Southern racism. At any rate, the dominant, though doubtless unintended, impression conveyed by all three of these books is that at bottom the causes of Southern racism, and by implication of racism in general, are barely understood.

This is not to say that poverty is wholly unrelated to racial animosities. It seems reasonable to suppose, as Campbell does, that some of the impoverished resent their lot and vent their frustrations on blacks. It also seems reasonable to suppose that some of those same poor whites might find less time and energy for bullying blacks if their material circumstances kept them more fully occupied. Nevertheless, comfortable, well-fed bigots are far too numerous for a mainly materialistic explanation of racism to be persuasive. The practice and consequences of institutionalized bigotry are readily, if painfully, described, but the causes of violent racial antagonism are complex—an assertion that Florence Mars would probably affirm.

Witness in Philadelphia is a detailed, documented, yet personal account of the upheaval that shook Neshoba County, Mississippi, when the civil rights movement began to make itself felt in the early 1960s. Except for three lynchings committed more than sixty years before, race relations in Neshoba County had been peaceful by regional standards, and given that its black population was and had always been quite small, the county seemed more likely than some others to accept the collapse of segregation without excessive fuss. But whatever chance there may have been for an orderly transition was canceled in 1964 by the murder of three civil rights workers, Michael Schwerner, James Chaney and Andrew Goodman. *Witness in Philadelphia* examines the community in which this crime took place and records the community's response to irresistible change.

Now in her mid-50s, Florence Mars was born into one of Philadelphia's leading families long established in Neshoba County. Her entrenched position would have enabled her to remain free of involvement in the commotion that followed the murders, but she chose instead to testify before the grand jury impaneled to investigate the crime. In retaliation the Klan vowed to ruin her and it did succeed in driving her from the cattle business, in persuading most of the community that she had become a "Communist agitator," and in destroying her position in the First Methodist Church. In view of what befell her and the town she dearly loves, the calm dispassion of her book is all the more impressive. So is her modesty, but it is nevertheless clear that the risks she ran were entirely real and could have turned out very badly indeed. What sustained her was intelligence and courage, two qualities that seem to distinguish a notable number of Southern women.

John Taylor is a free-lance writer who lives and works in New York.

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Nowhere in her account of what happened in Neshoba County does the author suggest a close correlation, much less a direct causal connection, between the violent oppression of blacks and social class and economic status. As a young girl making the rounds among her grandfather's tenant farmers during the late 1920s and early 1930s, she became aware of an underclass of poor whites who were quite different from the striving poor—an underclass that was shiftless, uneducated (usually by choice), and nomadic. These people were known to be especially hard on blacks, but by the early 1960s their numbers had sharply declined. For the overriding fact of economic life in Neshoba County during the postwar years was that all classes and both races prospered as never before.

It is true that the leading businessmen and professionals of Philadelphia disdained the Klan—in part for snobbish reasons; but it is also true that these same leaders, along with others like them all through the South, were the mainstay of the local White Citizens' Council, which was pledged to the defense of segregation in defiance of Congress and the courts. However often the council members may have deplored the crudity, if not necessarily the consequences, of the Klan's methods, they had no grounds for supposing themselves a makeweight against the Klan or a force for moderation. As a member of that class, though not of the council, the author might be expected to condemn it, or to make excuses for it, but she does neither. Instead she demonstrates that all of white Philadelphia was determined to resist desegregation, by resort to violence if necessary. And before the upheaval had run its course, nearly the entire white community staged a riot against peaceful black demonstrators, an episode, according to the author, that Martin Luther King later described as one of the two most frightening experiences of his life.

As for the murderers, Klansmen all, those tried for and convicted of conspiracy to commit the crime were scarcely the scions of old Philadelphia families, but neither were they deprived and forgotten men who had been reduced to such misery as to have been driven to criminal violence. Their number included the sheriff, the deputy sheriff, the sheriff-elect of Neshoba County, and a Philadelphia policeman.

Despite all the frenzied resistance, and perhaps in part because of it, Neshoba County has changed enormously since the mid-1960s. Nowadays black citizens vote, compete with whites on a more nearly equal footing in the labor market, send their children to integrated schools, and share facilities of all kinds with whites. Would these changes have come about of their own accord as part of a vast transformation that was to overtake the entire South? Was the radical reform of Southern race relations somehow foreordained, thus making the provocative intervention of outsiders unnecessary? Florence Mars and a good many others think not:

> Neshoba County whites are still hostile to any reference made to the three civil rights workers and resentful that the press brings the murders up every time anything is written about the community. They make no connection, apparently, as do the blacks, between these three deaths and the changes that have taken place in the community. If these whites are aware of the forty-unit apartment complex located on the edge of what used to be the worst "quarters" in town and now occupied by white, black, and Choctaw persons, they remain mute about its existence.

That Northern intervention in the South was indispensable to such advances as the civil rights movement has so far managed to secure is one of the main conclusions to be drawn from Morton Sosna's illuminating study, *In Search of the Silent South*. Such interference infuriated the South for reasons that by this time should be understood even in the North. Sosna believes that, nevertheless, "if Southern blacks had followed only the Southern liberals' prescriptions for a gradual adjustment, it is doubtful whether the region's racial practices would have altered dramatically." Southern liberals, with only a few conspicuous exceptions like Lillian Smith, remained ameliorists working within the system. They saw no merit in risking a head-on collision with Jim Crow that would put their quite extensive good works in jeopardy. It was not that they lacked courage; they "simply erred in assuming that they represented the key to racial change."

It may not be quite fair to Sosna to review his book in company with Campbell and Mars. Sosna is a scholar, and on the evidence a promising one, but he is also a young Northerner who was not a party to the long struggle he describes. Inevitably his book lacks the immediacy of the other two, and scholarly detachment can look pale alongside personal witness. On its own terms, however, Sosna's study is valuable, not least for its thoughtful treatment of a certain kind of Southerner that used to be dismissed in the North. The efforts of Southern liberals to foster humane race relations were by no means negligible: ". . . though most had warned outsiders to leave the race problem alone, [they] helped create a climate whereby a federally enforced revolution in the South was actually achieved."

Northeastern city dwellers who read these books will be struck by the religiosity of the South. From afar it appears to be a land of evangelists working a heavily armed population given to seemingly permanent religious enthusiasm. The Protestant faith may have seen both races through hard times, but its very pervasiveness makes the underside of Southern life that much more difficult to understand. Montaigne puzzled over a similar contradiction when he reflected on the religious wars in France: "Between ourselves, there are two things that I have always observed to be in singular accord: super celestial thoughts and subterranean conduct." □

More Than Seats and Lunches

MY SOUL IS RESTED: Movement Days in the Deep South Remembered. *By Howell Raines. Putnam. 472 pp. $12.95.*

ALFREDO LOPEZ

This is a book about the civil rights movement in the South in its most dramatic, most important, and most dangerous struggles against the forces of racism in Mississippi and Alabama. Howell Raines, a veteran political reporter in the South, has presented us with a finely crafted verbal history of these fifteen years of conflict. His scope is extensive; the book includes 472 pages of interviews with leaders and prominent figures in many of the crucial confrontations: the boycotts against segregated bus seating in Alabama; the "freedom rides" which filled Alabama jails; the fierce integration struggle in Birmingham—with seventy nights of demonstrations; the march from Selma to Montgomery; and many other events, smaller in scale, but all contributing to the intensity of the struggle.

Raines takes each of these campaigns and, through the words of its leaders,

Alfredo Lopez is an editor of Seven Days.

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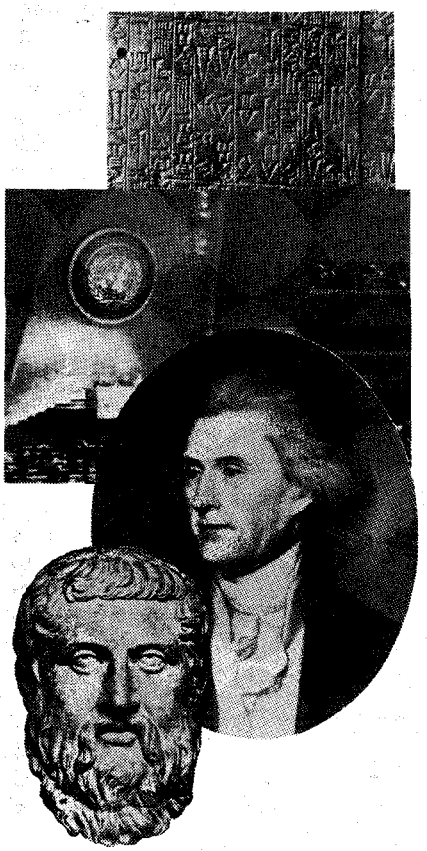

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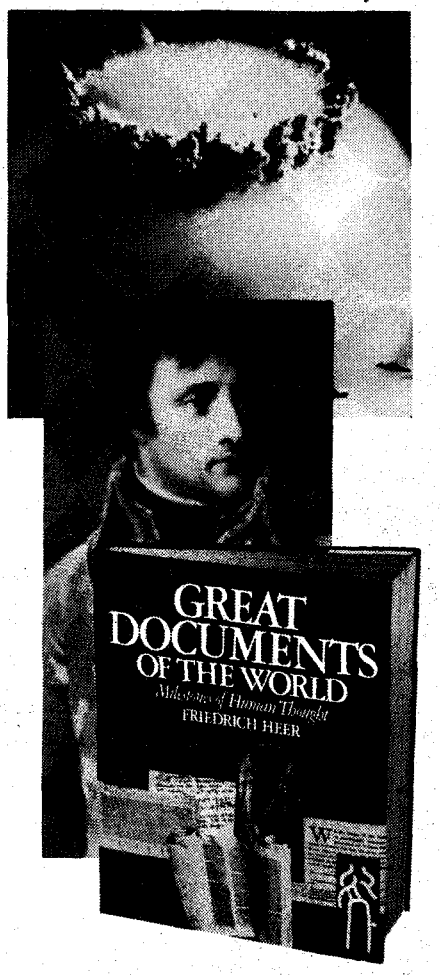

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gives us a feel for the issues involved, the organization of the participants, the course of the struggle, and finally the victory. The book is an excellent example of the fashionable "new" journalism (Studs Terkel is currently the most prominent exponent) in which the journalist is a mere vehicle. The words, earthy and powerful as they are, take over. Raines disappears. What we get is a beautifully orchestrated, journalistic *cinéma vérité*, with Raines the skillful director and film editor. We are given what we need to begin to understand.

But the result is only that, in the end —a basis for understanding. For the book's lessons are not so much those of the civil rights movement as they are lessons on how a book can succeed, in and of itself, while it fails us, our expectations and, in a sense, our needs.

This is not to say that the book's failure is immediately apparent. For those of us who consider the Bill of Rights a haven, even when beleaguered, the deep South of the 1950s and early 1960s is a foreign country—a land of mobs, lynchings and blatant, boastful violence. Our historical curiosity, distanced by many years and struggles from these events, gives this book the excitement of a battle-line documentary. The black movement has had less than its share of concrete authentic testimony by its participants. Yet this movement moved our society and radically altered the consciousness of a whole country. We thirst for information on how it was done; we need lessons to breathe life into our weary political bodies. What better source than those who did it?

In this book, one gets a feeling for that South, for the way lines were drawn and battles were joined, for the pressure under which these people organized. Their matter-of-fact recounting, often tongue in cheek, of chilling heroism leaves us awed and uplifted. Rosa Parks describes her brief act of resistance, refusing to move to the back of the bus, which touched off a boycott that broke the back of bus segregation in Alabama and, many say, created a whole movement around it. She also takes her act out of the context of romanticism. Rather than one woman whose inspiration carried her through a singular moment, she describes herself as an NAACP functionary who had often refused to go to the back of the bus. "They would always kick me off. This time, they arrested me," she says. And it was that arrest that sparked the movement.

There is a wonderful description of the preparations for the "freedom ride" by James Farmer. He reminds us of these young people's courage in the face of real threats to their lives. "Some of us gon die," was repeated in almost all the leaders' speeches. Farmer's descriptions of his own arrest (in front of the national press) and the technique of "filling the jails" in Alabama illustrate the application of the famous Gandhian tactic adopted by the whole movement.

The highlight of the book is the stunning description of the march from Selma to Montgomery, and the ensuing police riot which cast decisive national attention on the movement. There are few better descriptions of what it is like to be attacked by police—the panic, the sudden isolation, the inability to fight back, the flirtation with death . . . all are here in the words of those whose heads were beaten.

What impressed me most strongly was the response of people all over the country mobilizing to support and help, the sense—frequent during the anti-war movement—that a common nerve was being struck and that a body, whose parts had been unknown to each other, was responding. There are also interesting passages detailing the rise and fall of various black and civil rights organizations and the strengths and weaknesses of their leaderships. It is demystifying and this gives the whole story more power. One must be elated that it is finally all down on paper.

Why then did this reader feel so deeply cheated?

Because there is something missing, plain and simple and, though it takes a while to notice, it is apparent by the middle of the book. Raines's immense reportorial skills cannot transcend the limitation inherent in his vision of how to get at the truth. The daily reporter does it the only way daily reporters can: talk to the leaders involved. So strikes are reported from the perspective of union leaders and management; crime is interpreted by police and lawyers; and political campaigns are most often brought to us by the comments and handshaking of the politicians. The pressure of deadlines has carved out an ethic of getting the information where it is most quickly available.

Raines tries to get deeper but the way he designs this book does not allow it. Leaders might have the most information about a struggle but they are, after all, leaders. They are only a small part of the overall picture. They were not the movement.

The civil rights movement was a massive group of human beings, always fluctuating in numbers and resolve, caught in the constant tension between a culture which taught them their own inferiority and their own determination to be free and to survive. As these conflicting forces pulled at those people, their numbers grew or shrunk, became more adamant or retreated.

This is the drama of a movement's successes, its vitality and the very essence of its lessons. But in this book we hear little from the street organizers in Birmingham. What did they tell people to convince them not to ride a bus in the freezing cold? How did they bring people around to their often dangerous demonstrations? We hear nothing or little from the working-class blacks who made up this movement's massive base. What made them follow these leaders? Did they ever feel pessimistic, betrayed or apathetic? And we hear nothing about white workers and young people who were not part of the movement. How did they approach the movement? Were they all really thugs?

Perhaps this appears to be nit-picking. But these are giant gaps into which a reader can fall, thinking he or she now has the story, when all we have is a chapter.

As a result of this gap, little is explained about how the movement grew and why it virtually died. The organizing of hundreds of thousands of people is left to mystical comments: "That night twenty thousand people showed up for a rally. . . ." Twenty thousand

DROUGHT

I have somehow managed
another winter, another
failed season without rain.

Outside, the ground separates,
breaking open like sores
that appear without reason
and take too long to heal.

Pepperweed curls and dries
dropping its black seed
at the edges of the paths
I take to the back of the orchard.

Here the plum and apricot
release their hard, unripe fruit,
and the vermilion shoots of the roses
wither and slant toward the grey earth.

It is spring. Winter
is behind me, like a room
I dared not enter, the door shut,
boarded and nailed against snakes
driven out of the hills by drought.

Gary Young

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people don't just "show up" for anything.

Raines's intervention might have shed some light. He could have added comments (other than the short biographical introductions which precede interview sections). He might have tried to draw a few lessons, at least broach the larger questions.

The problem is that, in the end, we are cheating a movement of its incomparable historical contributions when we relegate it to a fight over "seats and lunches." The many varieties of discrimination were the artifacts of a system of racism which condemned the black people of the South to live poorly and less equally than whites. The system, which existed in some form in every state of this country, was, and is, the essence of the great American contradiction.

This contradiction was most evident and most violent in the "Deep South," and masses of working-class people were moved against that racism. They fought it and they won many battles. It is a lesson in social change which must be studied over and over because it is vital. Things are better, but racism continues from Boston to California, New York to Atlanta. The underlying question, the real doubt, still lingers. After all that fighting, have we really erased racism? How much more must we march and how are we going to do it?

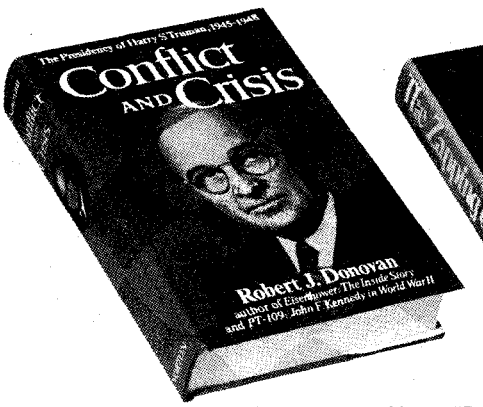
Howell Raines cannot answer these questions, not all of them. But he could have begun to address some of them. What is distressing is not his failure to give answers but his ignoring the questions. That is the major criticism anyone could make of his book.

Because, behind this failure (and implied in Raines's introduction) is the feeling that all is now well. We are dealing with a piece of unrelated history, a book about a movement of great interest which has little to do with us now. Raines speaks of the "New South" as if it were a haven of equality.

But has this New South not spawned a President who opposes the very concept of "affirmative action" (a major gain of this same movement)? What lurks behind this feeling of "all is now well," or behind the author's insistence on detailing the successful rise of many movement leaders? Are not many more leaders still struggling, are not many more dead? In fact, what would Andrew Young say about the elimination of racism as a problem in this society?

One can only guess because the answers are not here.

If our criticism seems too strong after we have lauded this book's achievements it is only because, since he had taken on the tremendous job of collecting all this material, Raines had the opportunity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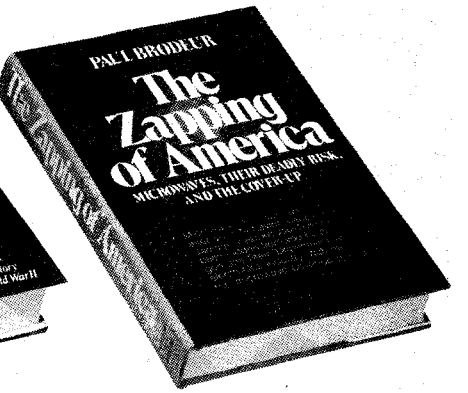

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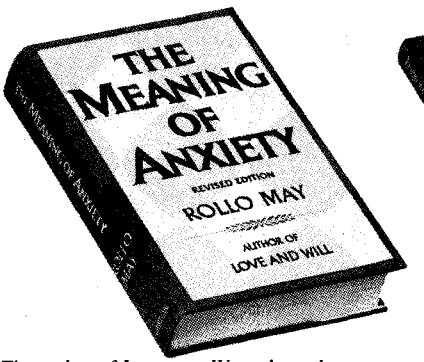

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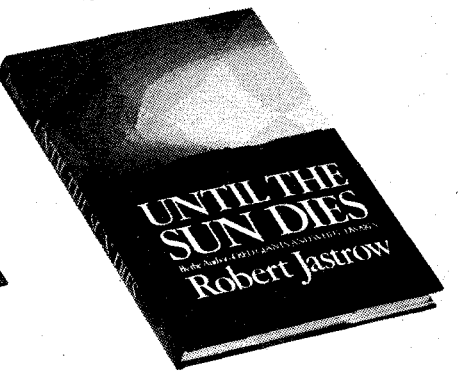

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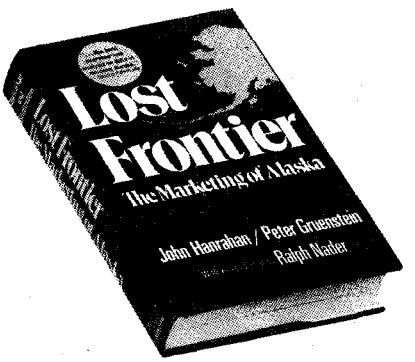

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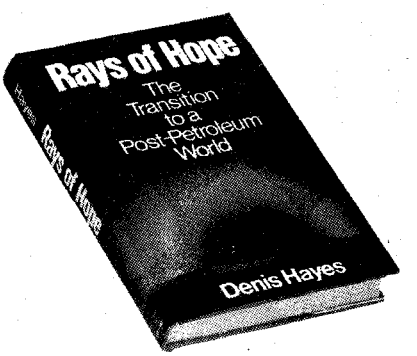

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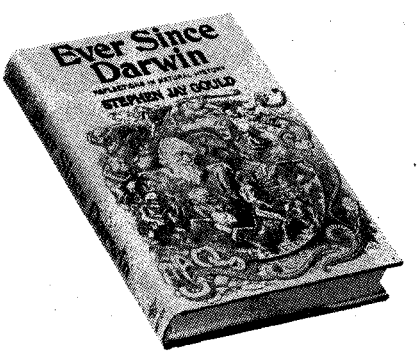

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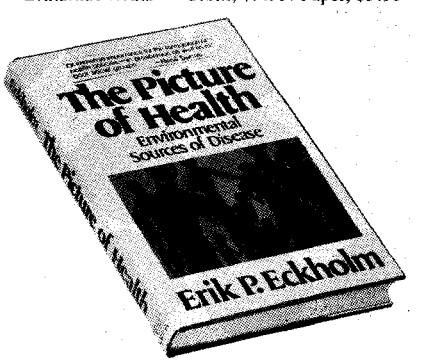

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to draw more lessons. The keeper of the facts should initiate the analysis.

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Why Does Herr R. Run Amok? is a clinical exercise designed to test how long a man can be expected to endure an existence that is, without relief, stale, flat and unprofitable. Herr R. is boring; worse than that, he suffers the capacity to be bored. He works as an architectural draftsman, a job of unremitting monotony, surrounded by colleagues as spiritless as himself. He lives on the outskirts of Munich in a flat of depersonalized "comfort," with a wife who gazes upon him with speculative dismay, and a pale, unenterprising son of 10.

On occasion, Herr R. thrusts feebly against the bladder of narcotic misery within which he is suspended. He becomes almost animated when recalling to his wife the first time they went dancing; with boyish persistence, and to the pitying amusement of two salesgirls, he searches out the record of a popular song that had pleased them both on the radio; he makes a drunken speech about comradeship at a Christmas office party; he sings nostalgically with an old school friend who makes an unexpected visit. But there is no heat to sustain these sparks of animation; they expire in sighs and silences. And so one day, when a neighbor is running on about her discovery of the techniques and apparel of skiing, the almost repellently soft and undemanding Herr R. picks up a lethally heavy candlestick. The feeling one gets from this denouement can scarcely be called catharsis, because what leads up to it is too inert to be called tragedy; but most viewers, I think, will find it a relief. *Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?* is an exhausting movie.

It was made seven or eight years ago by Rainer Werner Fassbinder and Michael Fengler, co-directors and co-authors. I do not know what contribution Mr. Fengler made to the joint work; if he had not been mentioned I would have accepted the picture as an extreme example of Fassbinder's skill at impaling the German middle class for exhibition as entomological curiosities. Perhaps his colleague insisted on an implacability that is unusual even for Fassbinder.

The work is filmed in color that falls off toward a weak pastel, producing an effect similar to what I understand is induced by jaundice. The cast (Kurt Raab, Lilith Ungerer and an excellent small group of supporting players, all of them dedicated to anomie) is almost never seen except seated in groups of two or three, and the camera works so close to the performers that for the most part only one of them is on view at a time. As in Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage*, this produces a feeling of intimacy that verges on the embarrassment of intrusion. The overall effect is appalling—and is so intended; *Herr R.* is a completely successful work. It means to show what is really contained in the observation that most people lead lives of quiet desperation. I cannot honestly say that I pitied Herr R.; there is nothing within him solid enough to pity. But I believe in him as one of the "humours"; I have gone through days as savorless as his whole existence is shown to be. One leaves the Fassbinder-Fengler demonstration in a mood to rejoice at being alive. And in retrospect I am impressed by the film—it is a tour de force of enervated horror. □

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

PONCHIELLI: *La Gioconda.* Zinka Milanov, Rosalind Elias, Giuseppe di Stefano, Leonard Warren, Plinio Clabassi. Chorus & Orchestra of the Accademia Santa Cecilia, Rome; Fernando Previtali, cond. London OSA 13123. $23.94 (three discs).

PUCCINI: *Edgar.* Renata Scotto, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Carlo Bergonzi, Vicente Sardinero. Schola Cantorum; Opera Orchestra of New York; Eve Queler, cond. Columbia M2 34584. $15.96 (two discs).

GIORDANO: *Andrea Chénier.* Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes. John Alldis Choir; National Philharmonic Orchestra; James Levine, cond. RCA Red Seal ARL3 2046. $23.98 (three discs).

PUCCINI: *Tosca.* Montserrat Caballé, José Carreras, Ingvar Wixell. Covent Garden Royal Opera Chorus & Orchestra; Colin Davis, cond. Philips 6700 108. $17.96 (two discs).

PUCCINI: *Tosca.* Galina Vishnevskaya, Franco Bonisolli, Matteo Manuguerra. French Radio Chorus, French National Orchestra; Mstislav Rostropovich, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2707 087. $17.96 (two discs).

PUCCINI: *Tosca*—excerpts. Tamara Milashkina, Vladimir Atlantov. Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra; Mark Ermler, cond. Columbia M 34516. $7.98.

PUCCINI: *Madama Butterfly.* Montserrat Caballé, Silvana Mazzieri, Bernabé Marti, Franco Bordoni. Liceo Chorus, Barcelona Symphony Orchestra; Armando Gatto, cond. London OSA 13121. $23.94 (three discs).

For all the attention recently directed to the revival of long-dormant Italian operas from the first half of the 19th century, nothing much seems to have emerged from the years between the death of Donizetti (1848) and the appearance of Puccini (*Le Villi*, 1884). Aside from the continuing and powerful development of Verdi's middle and late styles, these were evidently fallow years, from which only two works today survive on stage. Arrigo Boito's high-minded but musically threadbare *Mefistofele* (1868, revised in 1875) was back in the New York City Opera repertory this fall, and only fitfully effective because the production, originally conceived around the angular, vibrant figure of the late Norman Treigle, hasn't been adjusted to accommodate the vocally strong but less mobile and magnetic Samuel Ramey. Even under the best of circumstances (which would have included stronger casting of the other principals and more polished orchestral playing), *Mefistofele* is a weak piece; for all his good intentions and manifest verbal virtuosity (the libretto is of a literary distinction scarcely matched by Verdi's operas of the period), Boito simply lacked the compositional wherewithal to make German idealism a re-

A GLANCE DOWN

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In the forest of grass Xerxes and his
ten thousand, the constant army, tangle
forever. The tremendous afternoon
thickens gold light into stems, pillars
of overpowering green. A beetle or a lion
rustles the syrupy air. History
shivers along, its little feet
quiet, carrying away this field.

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vivifying impulse to the Italian musical theatre.

The other survivor from these years, Ponchielli's *La Gioconda* (1876), tries nothing new, though its melodramatic libretto, fashioned by the same Boito (under a pseudonym) after Victor Hugo, profits from his rich, vivid vocabulary. But Ponchielli had the technical resources to fabricate competent musical continuity, to build climaxes and keep his piece moving forward, whereas Boito's remained static. The emotions of the characters may be crude and externalized by comparison with Verdi's acute perceptions, but at least they are brought to life, and presumably *Gioconda*'s survival certifies its superiority to the countless works by Pedrotti, Peri, Marchetti and all the others whose new works filled the bills of the Italian theatres during these years. Ponchielli's work turns up every now and then at the Metropolitan—most recently, and rather successfully, two seasons ago; however, the reissued Previtali recording, with something like a typical Met cast of twenty-odd years ago, is disappointing, for Milanov was by 1957 no longer the singer of five years earlier, and among the others only Warren came near to meeting his role's demands.

It is with the 1880s that new ideas begin to operate in Italian opera. Bizet's *Carmen*, an early manifestation of naturalism, reached Milan's La Scala in 1885, and it finds a clear echo in the character of Tigrana, the villainess of Puccini's second opera, *Edgar* (1889), though her role was significantly reduced when Puccini later revised the opera into the three-act form that has now been recorded. Ferdinando Fontana's libretto salvages from Alfred de Musset's *La coupe et les lèvres* only the romantic extravagances, leaving the quasi-symbolist overtones and the philosophical underpinnings behind—a series of unmotivated episodes, probably even less coherent (though doubtless more concise) in the revised version. Though dramatically otiose, *Edgar* was an impressive performance on the part of the 30-year-old Puccini, notably in aspects such as ensemble writing, which rarely appear on this scale in his later works. The title part was intended for Francesco Tamagno, and it exploits the kind of high-intensity declamation that had been brought strongly to the fore in his most famous role, Verdi's Otello (1887); in the recording, Carlo Bergonzi copes well with this, and, barring some foggy tones from Killebrew and some squally ones from Scotto, the whole affair (drawn from a concert performance last

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spring in Carnegie Hall) is capably done, and recorded with more focus and impact than Columbia's recent European operatic efforts. It would be interesting now to hear the four-act original version of *Edgar*.

The most powerful new impetus in the late 19th century came from within Italy, from the spoken theatre: Giovanni Verga's veristic drama of Sicilian peasant life, *Cavalleria rusticana*, set to music by Pietro Mascagni (1890). Mascagni's treatment wasn't all that novel, studded with old-fashioned closed-form choral numbers, but the nature of the subject matter was, and also the directness and intensity of the writing, which relied heavily on the declamatory style of *Otello*. Puccini's version of the style, in *Manon Lescaut* (1893) and *La Bohème* (1896) is somewhat prettified, but composed with much greater skill and organized more freely. Beginning with *La Bohème*, however, one notes a narrowing of theatrical scope: Puccini's principal characters eventually resonate only with themselves, less and less with the outside world. Symptomatically, the chorus becomes little more than singing scenery (e.g., Act II of *La Bohème*; Act I of *Tosca*) and is usually allowed to go home early, for the denouement becomes ever more private. *Madama Butterfly* (1904) is the extreme example, the other characters serving only to keep the heroine swinging between extremes of ecstasy and agony.

On the other hand, *Tosca* (1900), the most tautly, inventively composed of Puccini's operas, makes at least a stab at tapping the currents of national and political emotion that had served Verdi so well—in fact, Verdi is said to have been impressed by an early form of the libretto, which is based on a Sardou vehicle for Sarah Bernhardt. But the tenor hero's libertarian outbursts take second place to the triangle of sexual passion and repulsion that occupies the center of the stage, and in their final duet these lovers talk not of politics but of love. The parallel to Giordano's *Andrea Chénier* (1896) is striking, and indeed the similarities of plot and in structure are not entirely accidental, even though the uninformed supposition that *Chénier* must be an inferior imitation of *Tosca* is chronologically impossible: Luigi Illica originally prepared the *Tosca* libretto for another composer (from whom it was rather shabbily transferred to Puccini by the publisher, Ricordi), and then wrote the *Chénier* libretto before reworking *Tosca* for the more exigent Puccini.

The similarities certainly reinforce one's appreciation of Puccini's dramatic and musical skill. Both final acts take place on prison terraces at dawn, and center on the tenor's farewell to art and life and on a love duet. Giordano settles for just those two numbers, barely fleshed out with mechanics of plot—a scant sixteen minutes. And that duet reaches five distinct climaxes, wandering all over the harmonic universe—you keep thinking it's ending, and when it finally does the orchestral coda turns to still another new key that is convincing only by dint of the sheer volume with which it is asserted. (Giordano elected to write his score without key signatures, which looks very "modern" but may have had something to do with his apparent inability to focus on clear harmonic destinations.) Puccini, who has a brief denouement after his duet, fills the act out with a good deal of skillful atmosphere painting (the distant song of a shepherd boy, the morning bells of Rome—all of it, incidentally, quite ravishingly played and recorded in the new Philips set). And if Puccini never makes much of his drama's political aspects, Giordano makes rather too much, raising expectations that aren't fulfilled—his lovers go to the guillotine thinking only of each other, not of the starving masses that the poet-hero so plangently apostrophized in the first act.

A good modern recording of *Chénier* is certainly welcome, and the singing, particularly from Domingo, is strong and apposite. After some overly tense and vehement playing in the first two acts, the orchestra under Levine pulls the somber but fragmentary third act into some semblance of continuity. Still, there is something missing here, a sureness of intention that pervades the prewar Italian recording featuring Beniamino Gigli (Seraphim IB 6019). Chénier's line, "*Con la mia voce ho cantato la patria*" (With my voice, I celebrated my fatherland), was Gigli's motto, and he responds to the residue of *Risorgimento* feeling that informs the character (if not consistently the music) with an authenticity of accent and imaginative freedom that is probably today beyond recapture. This doesn't make *Chénier* a better opera, but makes listening to it a more absorbing experience. (The rest of the Seraphim cast—Maria Caniglia and Gino Bechi, plus some distinguished people in the cameo parts—is also strong, and Oliviero de Fabritiis conducts with admirable force and flexibility. I should add, too, that the small parts are well taken in the Levine recording, which is important because these peripheral bits of padding are so thin in musical interest that they must justify themselves on vocal grounds. Also praiseworthy are the annotations in RCA's libretto, clarifying various obscure references in the text.)

The various recent *Tosca* recordings are rather less satisfying. For Philips, Colin Davis and the Covent Garden Orchestra play the score with precision and tonal beauty; the musical import of phrases and paragraphs is always clear and coherent. But the dramatic temperature never rises; the singing is often loud and conventionally "passionate," rarely very specific. Deutsche Grammophon's Tosca expresses her plentiful sense of drama with worn, frayed tones and in plummy, unidiomatic Italian, opposite a labored *tenorino* and a strong, expressive Scarpia; the conductor's meandering fascination with detail frequently stifles the tension completely. And the Russian "highlights" record (with none of Scarpia's music) provides depressing evidence of distance from any tradition of what this opera is about: loud and clumsy singing, with the orchestra supinely following the vocal indulgence. Back to Callas and De Sabata (Angel 3508, mono).

As already suggested, *Butterfly* depends primarily on the central figure, and thus one is pleased to find Caballé on rather good behavior in her new recording, working inside the role instead of showing off on its exterior. But this is very much "her" recording, with an inferior supporting cast that makes stretches of the opera rather painful; since there are many other versions with excellent protagonists and strong colleagues, this must be accounted a superfluous recording. Try Scotto (Angel 3702), De Los Angeles (Angel 3604), Callas (Angel 3523, mono), or Dal Monte (Seraphim IB 6059, mono)—all estimable performances in a variety of styles. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

The honorable Manhattan Theatre Club has given A.R. Gurney's *The Wayside Motor Inn* its "world première." Gurney, whose best play, *Children*, was offered last season under the same auspices, devotes his talent in the main to snapshot dramatizations of the minutiae of provincial middle-class existence.

The result often approximates the old Mencken-Nathan *The American Credo*, an encyclopedia of local clichés. Those two panjandrums of the 1920s set out to prick the bubble of commonplace assumptions as they were still thought

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to obtain at the time. Their posture was slightly snooty and perhaps a bit tardy. Gurney is good-natured, sometimes wisely observant, and never hoity-toity.

The trouble with recording clichés is that one falls into their trap. In *The Wayside Motor Inn* we find six couples who stop over at a motel. They are all readily recognizable types: the aging pair, the ailing husband in retreat from all fuss, his wife still passionately concerned with their progeny; a young twosome, the girl engaged in her first sexual adventure; a middle-aged doctor and his wife suffering the pangs of separation and possible divorce; a small businessman eager to press his reluctant son into the collegiate mold; a traveling salesman, lonesomely addicted to television, caught in his firm's computerized maze and trying to relieve himself by dating an innocently phrase-obsessed chambermaid, a chip off the old 1960s block who sees corrupt conglomerate dominance in everything including all items of the motel diet she serves.

Only the last two of the specimen figures caught my amused interest, especially as acted by Drew Snyder and Jill O'Hara. A generally good cast—Margaret Barker particularly as the still positive elderly wife—does justice to their characters which, though acceptably honest in the writing, do not rise above our placid consent.

Brooks Atkinson, long time a theatre critic for *The New York Times*, was called to account for writing what one of his readers deemed too favorable a review of the musical *Fiorello*. "But La Guardia," Atkinson is reported to have replied, "was one of the best mayors the city ever had." When I repeated the story at a lecture the audience laughed. My intention, however, was to suggest that the critic had a point. Our interest in the subject matter of a play does count.

For this reason, I find myself unable to view *Golda*, William Gibson's "partial" portrait of Israel's ex-Premier, on the basis of ordinary criticism (Morosco Theatre). To begin with, treatment of living public characters is always "partial" and always embarrassing. In the present instance, moreover, Gibson has used Golda Meir's dilemma during the Yom Kippur War of 1973 as the focal position from which he paints his picture. The "facts" may all be correct, but as cut up into flash bits and for the most part poorly cast in the roles of the Premier's military and diplomatic aides, the event lacks real suspense and is rendered absurd to boot.

Antecedent events—political and biographical—are also reduced to informative moments which do not constitute living drama. The quasi-cinematic structure does not properly serve the stage. It is like the précis of a renowned person's career we get in a handbook.

Still, there are other factors at work. We do get a sense of Golda Meir's determination, quiet courage, humble common sense and the anguished "bind" she found herself in, not only during the war but throughout her life. At times sentimentally, but more often crisply, we are afforded a taste of her down-to-earth humor. (Some of the quips are saltily effective, though we cannot be certain whether they are hers or the author's.) Above all we are reminded of the tragic sources of her Zionist faith.

But here another question arises. A

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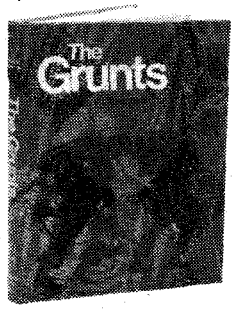

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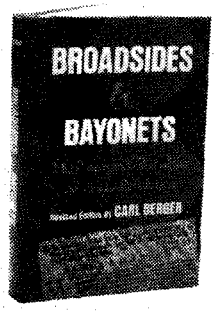

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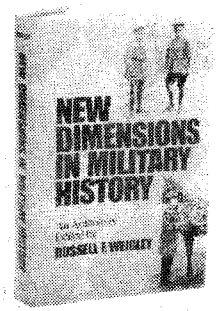

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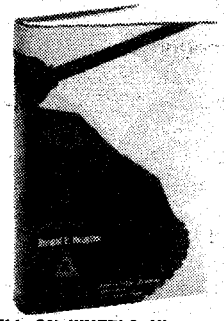

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sizable part of the audience is probably indifferent to the issues involved, others may be consciously or unconsciously antagonistic, while still others are emotionally committed and perhaps all too ready to be affected. Does such a play, then, with its almost inevitable faults, suit our entertainment market? I confess having been stirred now and again on personal grounds (though a critic, I am a man!) and then too I admire Anne Bancroft. Her role here does not permit a great deal of variety but she brings a capacity for real characterization to it. Better still, a staunchness of being—her own as well as her prototype's—shines through and makes *her* portrait, however "partial," moving.

There is no reason why Arnold Wesker, author of such pungent plays as *Roots*, *The Kitchen* and *Chips with Everything* should not have written *The Merchant* (Plymouth Theatre). It is his retelling of the material contained in *The Merchant of Venice*. Shakespeare himself recast several other plays of earlier times, and was influenced to the contrary by the play of his contemporary, Marlowe.

In the new *Merchant* Shylock, a prosperous broker in love with learning, is a close friend of Antonio, a gentleman weary of trading in goods he has not produced, carried in vessels in which he has never worked. The notorious bond made in connection with the loan of 3,000 ducats between them carries the familiar pound-of-flesh clause, because Shylock refuses to charge any interest on a loan to an intimate, and wishes to mock the law which dictates that no contract between a gentile and a Jew may be made in Venice without stating the terms of indemnity in case of default.

Portia declares herself a "new woman": she is the daughter of a wastrel scion of the aristocracy, and is herself in every way an enlightened person. She does not disguise herself as a lawyer but comes to the Shylock-Antonio trial as a possibly helpful observer and friend to Jessica, Shylock's pleasure-loving daughter, impatient with her father's cultural fetishism. Portia's intelligence sees through the legal nonsense of the disputed contract. Jessica, under Portia's guidance, will not marry the fatuous Lorenzo; Shylock, disheartened by the base prejudice and cruelty of the young Venetian gentry, sets out for Jerusalem, while Antonio reviles the hypocritical venality of the entire society.

The dramatic scheme has provocative possibilities. There are a few witty turns of the screw: at one point, for instance, Wesker introduces Shakespeare's climactic speech, "Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands?" and so on. It is not assigned to Shylock but to the sardonically anti-Semitic Lorenzo, a harangue Shylock scornfully rejects because Jewishness requires no defense or apologetics.

Everyone speechifies at such length that one is inclined to think "less is more," even where there is validity in content and dignity in language. There were moments, particularly in the second act, when I found it difficult to follow what was being said, not because of the excess verbiage and a monotony of rhetoric but because of the lack of clear dramatic relevance. Shylock, for instance, in an elocutionary tour de force, delivers a capsule history of Europe's development from the fall of the Roman Empire to the establishment of the Italian city-states. In this erudite outpouring he does not fail to speak of the signal contributions of Cassiodorous (487-583) who hid in a monastery the classics of pagan culture that were later disseminated through Gutenberg's invention of the printing press. Is Shylock, one wonders, simply evincing once again his enthusiasm for the glories of civilization or is he only shaming the obtuse Christians on stage (also the folk out front) for their ignorance?

We understand and approve the author's intention. He is casting doubts—without blatant polemics—on some of the assumptions of capitalist civilization and doing what his Shylock abhors having done: setting us right on Jewry. In this respect, with the New York theatre public, he may be crashing through open doors.

Yet all the above demurs may be thought wide of the mark. We must allow the author's choice of theme or thesis, even in the studied stylization of its presentation. The essential shortcoming of the new *Merchant* is that as a whole it does not come alive with any but a "mental" impact. It is a sort of closet drama. It badly needed the warm savor and juiciness of Zero Mostel's personality.

What sustains it, apart from an initial curiosity at its author's "dare," is the almost uniform aptitude of its cast—Roberta Maxwell, John Clements, Joseph Leon, Julie Garfield and others—the simple elegance (setting and costumes) of the production, and most markedly the skill of John Dexter's direction. I take special note of this particular element because the directorial problems of such a literary exercise as this are not recognized by most theatregoers (who probably don't need to be aware of them) but also by reviewers who are supposed to be. For all its complex plotting, the play is fundamentally static. Dexter not only has livened the pace of the actors' speech, which is of an exemplary precision, but gives visual body and physical action to the heavily discursive text. The play has thus acquired movement where the writing itself is wanting in it. (It closed while this notice was being written.)

Finally, I admit a paradox: both *Golda* and *The Merchant* claimed my attention to a greater degree than several of the more "entertaining" shows of recent date. Credit is due to high aims. □

STATEMENT

from the other side of a wall

to take it
as far as it will go
what have i got for you?

only what i am
and you're not.

Judith Johnson Sherwin

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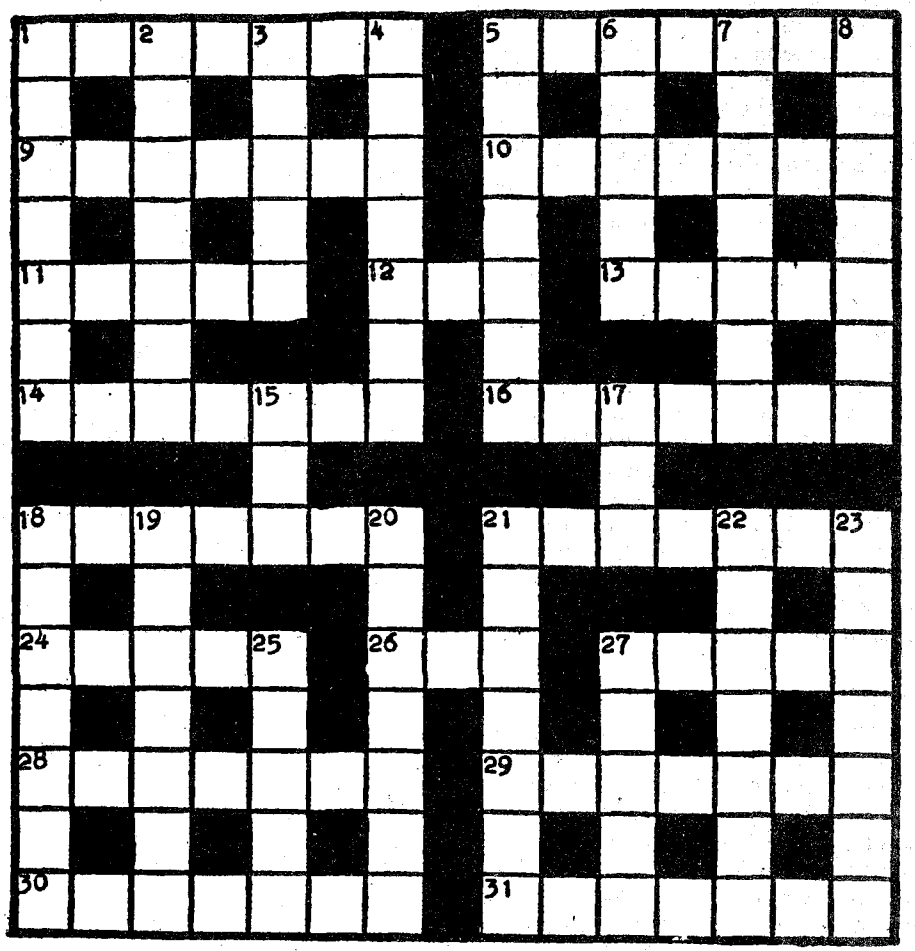
Crossword Puzzle No. 1704

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Plenty of debts owed to the police by this. (7)
5 It's revolutionary in vegetables and fruit (7)
9 You can have a drink around the station with the missionary type. (7)
10 State Mr. Kennedy turned away. (7)
11 What you'll be if someone's hand is straight over yours. (5)
12, 26 and 17 down A little worker has a bow and quiver almost, as such as Scott discovered. (9)
13 It might cut down the sound of the knocker. (5)
14 Makes up remedies to show the highest content. (7)
16 Acts in turn like a sort of toaster. (7)
18 Such people as Tom might have been rippers at one time. (7)
21 In a sense, condenses two short months at one point. (7)
24 See 6 down
26 See 12 across
27 One such was for another, when associated with 6-24-15. (5)
28 A decent sort, and accomplished, possibly. (7)
29 What St. Nicholas did before he drove out of sight. (7)
30 A possible student of 22, if East becomes South. (7)
31 What hangers do. (7)

DOWN

1 and 21 down His expectations were great. (7,7)
2 Supports things the actors might find necessary to eat. (5,2)
3 The wrong route to take for certain modern space. (5)
4 Sometimes the footnote says this with a number of leaks, perhaps. (7)
5 Proving a priest can still make money with a mixed-type flower as well. (7)
6, 24 and 15 Replacing one seer with another? That's justice, of a crude sort! (2,3,3,2,3)
7 Never buried on the 19. (7)
8 Less confused about total seats, of a sort. (7)
15 See 6 down
17 See 12 across
18 After going through these, things are fine! (7)
19 Is this the way to fight? (7)
20 Aspersion I at first would name an insular type. (7)
21 See 1 down
22 Part of such oral examination should be nice to listen to. (7)
23 Cultivated a plot, perhaps. (7)
25 Relating to a new life in Brazil? (5)
27 Sea-legs, in a sense. (Temporary attachments formed, if one does.) (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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